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THE REPUBLICAN.

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NO CHANGE IN VOTE BY OFFICIAL COUNT

Quigley's Lead Over Orvis for Judge Remains at 719.

CHAMBERS' MARGIN 139

Most of Republican County Nominees Also Chosen on Washington Party Ticket—Orlady, Head and Williams for Superior Court.

The official count of last week's primary vote was completed yesterday. This showed no change in Henry C. Quigley's lead over Judge Orvis in the vote for Judge, the former being ahead 719. The official count increased the majority of David Chambers over A. H. Hartswick for Republican nomination for County Treasurer just one vote, making the margin 139.

It developed in the official count that quite a number of Washington party voters wrote the names of candidates for county offices on Washington ballots. As a result most of the Republican nominees are also nominated on the Washington ticket. George H. Yarnell was nominated over Richards for Sheriff by 36, the vote being Yarnell 51 and Richards 15. For Prothonotary Ira G. Burket was nominated over D. R. Foreman on the Washington ticket by 31, the vote being 44 to 13. Frank Sasserman was nominated on the Washington ticket for Register over Frank Smith, Democrat, by 2, the vote being 16 to 14. William H. Brown was also nominated on the Washington ticket for Recorder, leading Francis Speer, Democrat, by 20 in a vote of 34 to 14. For District Attorney James C. Furst received the Washington nomination over Fortney, Democrat, by 36 majority, the vote being 48 to 12. Hartswick was nominated for County Treasurer over Chambers on the Washington ticket by a plurality of 30, the vote for these two being 52 to 22. Harter, Democrat, received 6.

For County Commissioners the Washington party nominated Isaac Miller and gave a tie vote, 21 each, to H. S. Stuart and George H. Houck. D. A. Grove was next high man with 16. For County Auditors C. H. Gramley and Ralph Hartsock were nominated on the Washington ticket, the former having 32 and the latter 19 votes.

For Superior Court Judges on the non-partisan ticket Judges Orlady and Head and also J. Henry Williams, of Philadelphia, received the highest vote in the county.

The complete official count of the vote follows:—

WASHINGTON

SHERIFF

Yarnell	51
Richards	15

PROTHONOTARY

Burket	44
Foreman	13

COUNTY TREASURER

Hartswick	52
Chambers	22
Harter	6

REGISTER

Smith	14
Sasserman	16
Bierly	13
Rees	11

RECORDER

Brown	34
Speer	14
Smith	6
Schreffler	10

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Furst	48
Fortney	12

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Miller	26
Houck	21
Stuart	21
Grove	16
Musser	14
Austin	14
Noll	10
Butler	2

COUNTY AUDITORS

Gramley	32
Hartsock	19
Krape	17
Saxion	14
Brungart	5
Hoy	7

COUNTY SURVEYOR

Wetzel	17
Shattuck	1

REPUBLICAN

SHERIFF

Yarnell	3570
Richards	6

PROTHONOTARY

Burket	3232
Foreman	4

COUNTY TREASURER

Chambers	1954
Hartswick	1815

RECORDER

Brown	2075
Smith	851
Schreffler	756

REGISTER

Sasserman	1323
Bierly	1142
Rees	1100

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Furst	3263
Fortney	8

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Austin	1534
Miller	1483
Houck	1244
Stuart	1390
Musser	1185

COUNTY AUDITORS

Gramley	2375
Hartsock	1773
Krape	945
Saxion	1199

COUNTY SURVEYOR

Wright	219
Wetzel	82

DEMOCRATIC

SHERIFF

Richards	2608
Yarnell	3

PROTHONOTARY

Foreman	2559
Burket	3

COUNTY TREASURER

Harter	2535
Chambers	13
Hartswick	7

RECORDER

Speer	2570
Schreffler	4
Brown	2

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Fortney	2430
Furst	4

REGISTER

Smith	2594

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Grove	2329
Noll	2161
Butler	604
Austin	1
Miller	2

COUNTY AUDITORS

Brungart	2314
Hoy	2245
Gramley	3

COUNTY SURVEYOR

Wetzel	2447
Harter	1

JUDGE

C. Dale	504
J. Kennedy Johnston	1301
Ellis L. Orvis	1824
H. C. Quigley	2543
N. B. Spangler	861

Laymen's Club Elects Officers.

The initial fall meeting of the Laymen's Club of Bellefonte, following the summer vacation, was held Tuesday evening in the Parish House of St. John's Episcopal church with a good attendance. After the opening exercises the Club proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following results: President, Louis Daggett; Vice-Pres. J. S. Gilliam; Secretary, Elmer Long; Treasurer, Herbert Auman; Chairman of the Refreshment Committee Chas. F. Harrison. The business of the meeting being concluded the members present partook of dainty refreshments and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in singing and varied social amusements. These regular meetings of the Laymen's Club are greatly enjoyed by the members and result in a spirit of fellowship that could be achieved in no other way.

Mastiff Bites Child.

George Rhoads, Jr., the 5-years old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Rhoads, of Coleville, was bitten on the thigh of his left leg on Monday by a mastiff pup owned by Charles Rote, also of Coleville. The child was playing in the road, we are informed, when the dog leaped over a fence and attacked him. The wounds in the child's leg were promptly cauterized and the dog is being held under quarantine.

Weekly Weather Forecast.

For the week beginning Wednesday, September 29, for Middle Atlantic States—Fair and moderately cool weather will prevail the first half of the week. The latter half will be unsettled, with probably rains. Local frosts are probable in exposed places the first half of the week.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

James Finalia,	Bellefonte
Mary Torseu,	"
Samuel H. Gray,	Bellefonte
Anne V. Lyon	"

THOMAS EST. PROPERTY NETS $32,895 AT SALE

Coal Lands Sold Were First Mined in Centre County.

BIG PRICES FOR FARMS

Personal Property Owned Valued Many Times Greater Than Real Estate—Division Among Heirs of W. A. Thomas, Pioneer Resident.

Considerable interest attended the public sale last Saturday of the real estate of the estate of the late William A. Thomas, held at the Court House. The sale was held on an order of the Orphans Court for the purpose of effecting a division of the estate among the several heirs of the late Mr. Thomas. A total of $32,895 was realized from the sale. This amount is small as compared with the value of the personal property of the estate.

Some of the properties sold have an interesting historic value. Arthur Thomas purchased what is known as the mansion house property, occupied by L. H. Gettig, for $5600. This and the Jacob V. Valentine property at the corner of Allegheny and Curtin Streets, are probably the oldest in Bellefonte. Mr. Thomas also bought the small triangular lot on the west of the mansion house property for $40.

Lyda R. T. Gibson bought the Green property next to the A. M. E. church in Bellefonte for $180 and also the double dwelling house adjoining on St. Paul Street, paying for the latter $130.

L. A. Stover bought the two sections of lots in Coleville, the one for $275 and the other for $400.

William A. Thomas, now located in Tyrone, bought the Fisher farm at Milesburg of about 380 acres for $7000. Reuben Tressler bought the Adams farm at Milesburg of about 258 acres for $8420. These two farms comprised what years ago was popularly known as "Bald Eagle's Nest" and said to have been the original camping ground of the old Indian chief "Bald Eagle."

Clifford S. Thomas, of Potters Mills, purchased the three coal tracts owned by the estate and located in or nearby Snow Shoe. The Askey-Bechdol tract of about 220 acres was bought for $1000. The Henry Harris tract of about 120 acres sold for $400. The Coal Hill tract of about 328 acres sold for $2225. The Coal Hill tract was the first mined in Snow Shoe. It was operated by William A. Thomas who was the first man to take out coal in Centre County.

The Shaughnessy property nearby the old glass works was sold to Jacob Marks for $630.

Daniel Snyder bought the Gunsallus property also nearby the old glass works for $405.

A. C. Mingle purchased what is known as the old Krape property on the North side of East High Street for $2900. To the younger generation this is perhaps better known as the Ishler property. It was originally the old Centre County jail and office of the Sheriff. The old vault which was used for the detention of prisoners is still in existence. It is located in the ground, underneath the property.

Arthur Thomas bought the McClain property on East Curtin Street for $2400.

Colonel H. S Taylor purchased the Wagner mill property at Milesburg for $750.

The Jacob V. Valentine home was the last to be offered, but as explained the price bid was so low that the property was withdrawn.

3800 Students at State.

Despite the economic depression that has been cutting down college enrollments in many States, the Pennsylvania State College opened the year with record-breaking attendance. There are 3,800 registered in all courses, which is an increase of 550 over last year. The freshman class has been limited to 600 owing to lack of building accommodations, more than 200 applicants having been rejected.

Fifty-six new teachers have been added to the faculty, the most prominent being Thomas C. Blaisdell, formerly president of Alma College, who was elected to the deanship in the school of liberal arts; R. L. Sackett, of Purdue University, dean of the school of engineering; A. A. Borland, of University of Vermont, professor of dairy husbandry in agricultural extension; D. B. Etters is a new professor of daily husbandry in the absence of Professor C. W. Larson; and W. M. Weigel has been made associate professor of mining engineering.

COURT IS IN SESSION ORVIS NOT PRESIDING

Judge Remains Off Bench Owing to Campaign.

JUDGE JOHNSON HERE

Union Snyder Judge Presides in Local Court—Confer Murder Case Likely to be Reached Today—Number of Suits Adjusted.

September Sessions of court convened on Monday morning, Hon. Ellis L. Orvis on the bench and sitting by his side Hon. Albert W. Johnson, of the Union-Snyder Judicial District. The forenoon session was conducted by Judge Orvis and was taken up in hearing numerous petitions and motions, granting rules, final discharges of Administrators and prisoners and granting of inquests. The Grand Jury was called and sworn, and George W. Rumberger, of Unionville, selected as foreman. The constables of the several townships, boroughs and wards made their quarterly return to the court of Quarter Sessions. List of traverse jurors called and absentees noted, after which court adjourned until Monday afternoon, Judge Johnson presiding.

Comm. vs. Fred Mench, indicted for betrayal; prosecutrix Carrie M. Swartz. The defendant plead guilty and the usual sentence was imposed.

Comm. vs. Harry Nighthart, charged with betrayal; prosecutrix Margaret Rockey; the defendant waived the finding of the Grand Jury, plead guilty, and the usual sentence was imposed.

Comm. vs William B. Francis; charge with assault and battery; prosecutrix Mary Harris; the defendant waived the finding of the Grand Jury, plead guilty, and was sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, fine of $5.00 and undergo imprisonment in the County Jail for a period of three months.

Comm. vs. S. J. Riddle and William C. Leathers; charged with larceny; prosecutor W. H. Thompson and W. J. Kurtz. Counsel for Mr. Riddle moved the Court to continue the cause in the absence of a material witness for the defense; the court overruled the motion.

Other cases disposed during the afternoon and prior to the convening of the Sessions were as follows:

Comm. vs. George Swisher; charged with false pretense; prosecutor David Smith, case discharged by the Justice of the Peace.

Comm. vs. Harle Newman; charged with larceny, prosecutor Daniel C. Kephart; defendant appeared in open court on September 24th, waived the finding of the Grand Jury and plead guilty, and was sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution and imprisonment in the Reformatory.

Comm. vs. Joseph T. Price, charged with larceny; prosecutor, J. A. Mattern; bill ignored by the Grand Jury.

Comm. vs. Charles Hosterman; prosecutrix Ruth I. Shawver; charge betrayal; settled.

Comm. vs. Charles Hayes and William Tregonin; charged with larceny, prosecutor, George Mayes. Defendants appeared in open court September 23, waived the finding of the Grand Jury and plead guilty, and sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, and remainder of the sentence suspended during good behavior.

Comm. vs. Charles Hayes, larceny, prosecutor, George Mayes; this case was disposed of the same as the case preceding.

Comm. vs. Frank B. Beckman; charged with betrayal; prosecutrix, Ida R. Robison; settled.

Comm. vs. E. B. Woods; charged with assault etc. prosecutrix, Ida Woods; defendant waived the finding of the grand jury, plead guilty, and sentence was suspended upon the payment of the costs prior to the sitting of the court.

Comm. vs. Orlando Andrews; charged with betrayal; prosecutrix, Clara J. Flick; settled.

The Grand Jury not being able to keep up with the disposition of the cases in open court, court adjourned early during the afternoon until Tuesday morning.

Comm. vs. Joseph Corman, charged with assault and battery; prosecutrix Melissa Walker; bill ignored, County to pay the costs.

Comm. vs. R. R. McMonigle and E. Y. Weighaman, charged with willfully and negligently setting fire; prosecutor, Daniel McMonigle; this indictment is laid under the Act of 1911 which makes it a misdemeanor to willfully, negligently or maliciously making a fire and allowing it to break over or get away from and get onto the lands of other's woodlands, moors, etc., the defendant being charged with setting a fire on the land of R. R. McMonigle on the afternoon of April 26th last and allowing it to get away from them and burning over the woodland of the prosecutor. The Comm. alleging that the fire was built by the defendant on their own land and negligently allowed to communicate and burn over the prosecutor's land in violation of the Act of Assembly. The defendants admit burning a few small root piles on their own land which, however, were on a plowed field, that they did not think that their fire communicated or started the fire which burnt over the land of the prosecutor and over lands of the defendant; that the fire they had built was on plowed ground, but that they discovered the fire had broken out some distance from there on the side of the hill in the woods and burnt over the land of the defendant, destroying his timber and burning two car loads of crop and thence on the land of the prosecutor; that they tried to outen the fire and did all that they could to do so, and believed that the fire which did the damage came from other sources than the fire at the root pile. Verdict on Tuesday evening of not guilty and the prosecutor to pay the costs.

Other cases disposed of: Comm. vs. John Kilboskey, August Kilboskey, Louis Dombliskey; malicious mischief and trespass; continued.

Comm. vs. Frank Gomola, Louis Kobana, and Toney Amatrick; charged with assault and battery; prosecutrix, Olie Dross; defendants discharged by the court.

Comm. vs. S. J. Riddle; indicted, first count, larceny; second count, receiving stolen goods etc. Prosecutors, W. H. Thompson and W. J. Kurtz. On trial.

Comm. vs. B. P. Swartz, indicted for writing threatening letter; prosecutor, W. H. Thompson. Indictment quashed, and Disirict Attorney given permission to present a new bill to the Grand Jury.

The Confer manslaughter case, from Howard Township, likely will be reached this afternoon.

SHERIFF NIPPED PLAN

Prisoner Taken by Surprise in Attempt to Dig Through Cell.

Harold Newman, aged about 18 years, last week attempted to dig out of his cell at the jail in Bellefonte but his plans were frustrated by the timely arrival of Sheriff Lee. Newman had a few days previously plead guilty to a charge of larceny and had been sentenced to Huntingdon Reformatory for a term of three years. He was sentenced last Friday. He calculated that he would not be removed to Huntingdon until the following day, but that was where he slipped up.

Without giving Newman any advance information Sheriff Lee arranged to take him to Huntingdon on Friday afternoon. On going to Newman's cell the Sheriff discovered the attempt to escape. Newman had started to dig through the ceiling of his cell and had removed the plaster by the time Sheriff Lee suddenly loomed up in the doorway of the cell. Newman evidently had planned finishing the job Friday night, figuring that he would not be bothered that night and that the Sheriff would not want to go to Huntingdon before Saturday. He overlooked the fact that Sheriff Lee is a man who never puts off for tomorrow what can be done today.

Newman not only went wrong in his calculations as to the Sheriff's plans, but he handled the attempt to escape in a bungling manner. It is hardly probable that he could have dug his way through the ceiling of the cell, but he chose this plan instead of applying his efforts to the side wall. However, the unexpected arrival of the Sheriff on the scene upset everything and Newman accepted matters as best he could.

Newman was arrested charged with the larceny of $12 and also with malicious mischief. The latter charge was based on the allegation that he had "cut" a Pennsylvania Railroad freight train near Dix station. It is believed that his willingness to plead guilty and be sentenced was merely a ruse to throw off suspicion and afford him a better opportunity to attempt to escape.

Notice.

Statement of ownership, management, etc., required by Act of August 24, 1912, of The Republican, published weekly at Bellefonte, Pa., for October 1st, 1915. Editor, Chas. E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa. Publisher, Chas. E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa. Owner, Chas. E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

CHAS E. DORWORTH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September,

CLEMENT DALE,
Notary Public.

My commission expires March 11, 1917.

JURY FINDS VERDICT FOR PATTON TWP. MAN

William Brennan Not Guilty of Statutory Rape.

13-YR. OLD PROSECUTRIX

Had Accused Married Man of Assault While Visiting at His Home—Her Misfortune in Life Appealed to Sympathy of Court Room.

Following a warmly contested case in court William Brennan, of Patton Township, was yesterday declared not guilty of a charge of statutory rape preferred against him by Olive Shuey, who is 13½ years old and who also is a resident of that township. Mr. Brennan is a married man and well known in his home section. The young plaintiff is quite lame and when she appeared in court excited the sympathy of many persons.

It was alleged by the plaintiff that she had been assaulted while spending the night at the Brennan home and while occupying a bedroom with a young daughter of Mr. Brennan. The latter positively denied the charge and the defense also attacked the character of the plaintiff. While her misfortune in life appealed to the sympathies of those in the court room the jury regarded her story as improbable and unreasonable and accordingly returned a verdict for Mr. Brennan. The case attracted widespread attention and the court room was thronged during the examination of witnesses. In attacking the case of the prosecution it was broadly intimated by the defense that the suit had been brought against Mr. Brennan, who owns several farms, in the hope of securing a large sum of money. In many respects the case was a most unusual one and the vital testimony was of a character not suited for publication.

STRUCK BY LOCOMOTIVE

Miss Mollie Hoffer Painfully Injured at Centre Hall.

Miss Mollie Hoffer, aged about 65 years, was struck by the Lewisburg passenger train at Centre Hall station on Monday afternoon and miraculously escaped with her life. She was attempting to run across the tracks in front of the approaching train and before she had reached a point of safety the locomotive plunged into her. The heavy plank above the pilot of the locomotive struck her a glancing blow on the shoulder and fortunately hurled her away from the track. When picked up she was unconscious. It was found that her nose had been crushed and her right cheek bone fractured. She was also painfully bruised about the chest. She regained consciousness some time afterward and a more thorough examination revealed that her injuries are not necessarily serious. Unless it should develop that she has been injured internally the attending physicians have every reason to believe that she will quickly recover.

With Mrs. John Conley, mother of J. Will Conley of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Katherine Dale, Miss Hoffer was at the Centre Hall station to take the afternoon train for Millheim where they were to attend the funeral of Mrs. Allen Alexander. A few minutes before the train arrived at Centre Hall Miss Hoffer stepped across the street to Odenkirk's store to use the telephone. She was returning to where Mrs. Conley and Mrs. Dale were standing when she observed the train approaching the station. Without stopping to realize her danger she quickened her steps and started to run across the tracks. Persons standing on the station platform gave a cry of horror as they observed the train racing down upon her but fortunate Miss Hoffer escaped being crushed underneath the wheels of the locomotive. Had she been a second later she undoubtedly would have been killed. When the locomotive hurled her to the ground many persons thought she had been killed, but happily this proved not to be the case.

U. B. Appointments.

At the United Brethren Conference, at Johnstown, the appointment of ministers for the coming year included the following:

Bellefonte—T. H. McLeod.
Central City—J. H. Huey.
Mt. Pleasant—F. C. Harper.
Philipsburg—G. L. Graham.
Port Matilda—J. C. Moses.
Runville—S. J. Wilson.
Zion—O. P. Stewart.

Liverymah James Toner and Albert C. Thompson motored to Milton on Wednesday to take in the sights at the fair.

FINAL SHOOT OF SEASON

Interesting and Largely Attended Meeting of Sportsmen at Philipsburg.

The last shoot of the season under the auspices of the Central Penna. Trap Shooters' League was held last Thursday at Philipsburg and proved to be an interesting event. The attendance was agreeably large. Some splendid scores were made despite the fact that a strong wind was blowing. A. A. Summers, of the I. M. C. Co., led the professionals with 98 out of 100 targets. E. M. Bennett led the amateurs with 93 out of 100.

The score out of a possible 100 targets was recorded as follows:

A. A. Summers,	98
J. M. Hawkins,	96
E. M. Bennett,	93
L. J. Squires,	90
R. P. Traver,	90
T. L. Weber,	88
Fred Ebright,	91
A. W. Beaty,	87
D. Chambers,	87
W. S. Jones,	87
E. M. Hogge,	86
C. H. Watson,	85
R. J. Zwessele,	84
D. M. Osborn,	84
J. G. Doutt,	83
W. C. Letterman,	83
E. G. Miller,	82
W. R. Ham,	82
W. L. Foster,	82
L. W. Evens,	82
Ed. Hellyer,	82
D. M. Tomlenson,	81
L. W. Quinn,	81
C. H. Davis,	80
W. F. Holt,	80
J. H. Dermuth,	79
W. McClarren,	78
G. W. Ebright,	77
J. W. Beals,	78
H. E. Young,	79
H. C. Quigley,	77
W. D. Wilkin,	77
C. G. Brennaman,	77
C. D. Loraine,	74
C. Doerr,	74
D. B. Garlin,	74
J. Waltz,	74
Ralph Hess,	73
F. G. Cleeve,	73
James Uzzle,	73
L. J. Shetting,	74
G. H. Barnes,	72
R. E. Miller,	72
J. Maccado,	71
P. Guelich,	68
C. Lawrence,	67
H. M. Ford,	64
H. R. Griest,	68
Geo. Uzzle,	61
J. Kachett,	58
S. M. Sankey,	58
N. H. Mull,	54
J. F. Kephart,	52
A. Edlund,	47
O. G. Morgan,	45
C. R. Dewey,	44
Ross Sheffer,	39
Fred Bass,	

Midnight Oil.

Our barnyards have not yet had electric lights installed so the domestic animals still go to bed at dark.

In these days when every village boasts it's electric light plant and the streets of even our smaller municipalities are ablaze with light, night is for all practical purposes as light as day and the primitive instinct to seek shelter and repose with the falling darkness has been lost to civilized mankind.

The modern tendency seems to be to shorten the hours of work and extend the hours of play into those that in the cosmic scheme of things were intended by Nature for rest. While there is little truth in the old saying that "an hour's rest before midnight is worth two thereafter," the danger is that extending pleasure and entertainment to late hours of the night breeds an irregularity of habit which is not conducive to good health, says State Health Commissioner Dixon. Late frolics after a day's work are apt to lead to unusual exhaustion for which the ordinary allotment of sleep will not compensate.

Fortunately the majority of us in this world have a considerable amount of work to do each day. If we keep late hours at night the tendency is to expend our energy on pleasure instead of the real business of life.

Daylight is the best time for physical work or brain work. The early morning hours beat the midnight oil game for the student and scholar. The great majority of authors do their work in the morning.

Poor Richard says that "he who riseth late must trot all day." The midnight hours no matter how brilliantly illuminated are a poor exchange for those of the early morning.

396,370 Union Veterans Survive.

Death decreased the government's Civil war pension roll nearly 10 per cent during the last fiscal year, according to the annual report of Commissioner of Pensions Saltzgarber, made public at Washington, D. C. on Wednesday. A total of 396,370 Union veterans remained on the roll July 1, 33,255 less than a year

Available records of the pension office show the total death toll since the close of the war has been 1,816,995. In that period the federal government has paid to veterans, their widows and children, $4,614,613,207.

One way to relieve habitual constipation is to take regularly a mild laxative. Doan's Regulets are recommmended for this purpose. 25c a box at all drug stores.

COMPENSATION DISTRICTS

State Workmen Board Announces Division of Pennsylvania by Counties.

The State Workmen's Compensation Board has just announced the counties included in each of the eight districts into which the State is divided for the administration of the Workmen's Compensation act, which goes into effect January 1.

The referees will be appointed by November 15. Two each will be located in the Philadelphia and the Pittsburgh districts and one in each of the six other interior districts, and the districts will include these counties:

No.1—Philadelphia, Delaware, Chester Montgomery and Bucks; referees to have headquarters in Philadelphia.

No. 2—Berks, Schuylkill, Lehigh, Northampton and Carbon; headquarters, Reading.

No.3 —Montour, Columbia, Luzerne, Monroe, Pike, Wayne, Lackawanna, Susquehanna and Wyoming; headquarters, Scranton.

No. 4—Dauphin, Lebanon, Lancaster York, Adams, Franklin, Cumberland and Perry; headquarters, Harrisburg.

No. 5—Tioga, Lycoming, Bradford, Sullivan, Union, Snyder, Centre, Clearfield Clinton, Cameron, Potter and Northumberland; headquarters, Williamsport.

No. 6—Cambria, Blair, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Juniata, Fulton, Bedford and Somerset; headquarters, Altoona.

No. 7—Erie, Warren, McKean, Elk, Forest, Venango, Mercer and Crawford; headquarters, Erie.

No. 8—Lawrence, Butler, Clarion, Jefferson, Indiana, Armstrong, Westmoreland, Fayette, Greene, Washington, Beaver and Allegheny; headquarters Pittsburgh.

During the present week Albert L. Allen, assistant manager of the State Insurance Fund, expects to have prepared for distribution application blanks for employers desiring to insure their liability compensation in the State Fund. Of all methods of compensation liability insurance permitted employers in Pennsylvania, insurance in the State Fund alone gives complete protection from personal liability, and from the filing of liens on the employer's real property, which may very probably hinder, if not prevent, its sale or its use as security for the borrowing of money. Every other form of insurance leaves the employer personally liable.

A subscriber to the State Fund, by giving to the Department of Labor and Industry the same notice of an injury to an employee which he is now by law required to give, relieves himself from all personal liability. The State Fund immediately assumes all his obligations.

In addition, the act creating the State Fund makes a sufficient appropriation to pay all expenses. This, with the entire absence of agents' and brokers' commissions, enables the State Fund to give this complete protection practically at cost.

The Workmen's Compensation Board is now engaged principally in perfecting the blank forms to be used in the administration of the new law and in adopting rules and regulations to govern this work.

COLDS AFFECT THE KIDNEYS

Many Bellefonte People Have Found This to be True.

Are you wretched in bad weather?
Does every cold settle on your kidneys?
Does your back ache and become weak?
Are urinary passages irregular and distressing?
These symptoms are cause to suspect kidney weakness.
Weakened kidneys need quick help.
Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for weakened kidneys.
Bellefonte people recommend them.

Mrs. B. Holter, Pine St., Bellefonte, says: "Whenever a cold or strain causes a dull, constant ache across the small of my back, I use a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and get relief. Another of the family has also been benefited by Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Holter had. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Joseph Bitner Dead.

Joseph Bitner, a veteran of the Civil war and a well known resident of Beech Creek, died at his late home at that place last Thursday evening, following an extended illness. He was aged 75 years and had been a member of the Disciple church and a charter member of George Harleman Post, No. 302, G. A. R., of Blanchard. Surviving are his widow and these children: Elmer, of Williamsport; Garcey, of Avis; Alma, wife of John Peters, and Dora, wife of Frank Crays, of near Beech Creek; Cynthia, wife of Frank Kuhn, of Pittsburg; Miss Elgia, of Clearfield; Misses Edna and Rosa, at home. These brothers and sisters also survive: Nathan J. Bitner and Mrs. Joseph Brady, of Beech Creek; George H. Bitner and Mrs. Frederick C. Glossner, of near Beech Creek; Mrs. William H. Orner, of Bald Eagle township.

Itching piles provoke profanity but profanity won't remove them. Doan's Ointment is recommended for itching, bleeding or protruding piles. 50c at any drug store.

The Miser Of Havelock

How the Name Was Changed to "Prince of Havelock."

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Sally Birch glanced curiously at the house set back among the drooping elms. Her aunt saw the glance and talked volubly.

"You remember I've written you about the man who has taken the old Havelock place?"

"Yes," replied Sally. "You called him an old miser. Really, Aunt Jane, does he count his gold in a dusty, cobwebbed room?"

"Fiddle!" snorted Jane Gray. "Of course he doesn't do that! But he is so stingy he won't give a cent toward any charity, and he even stays away from church. Folks say he is too mean to put a penny in the contribution box."

Sally laughed indulgently. "Poor old man!" she said. "If he really knew what his neighbors said about him do you suppose he would summon pride to his aid and give something?"

"I'm sure he would not," asserted Jane, with emphasis. "He's been approached by every one. I even went there myself!"

"And he refused?" asked Sally.

"Yes. He said, 'Madam, if I could see my way clear to contribute toward your church expenses I would do so, but I cannot afford it.' I said to him: 'Mr. Worth, don't conceal your niggardly nature behind a lie. Any one who can afford to rent the Havelock place must be a rich man.'"

"What did he say then?" questioned Sally.

"He grew very red, and I don't wonder, and he said nothing whatever, for I didn't give him an opportunity. I came away."

Sally glanced once more through the gateway. There was a gardener mowing the velvety lawns. From over the hedge came the rich, sweet smell of lily of the valley.

"When I was a little girl I used to slip inside the gate and pick lilies of the valley," said Sally reminiscently.

"That was when the Havelocks lived here," interposed Jane. "There have been many changes since you came to visit me fifteen years ago. The Havelocks have become millionaires and rarely come to Lyndbridge. I was surprised to learn they had rented the place."

Sally's blue eyes watched the vanishing form of the gardener. The clatter of the lawn mower died away in the distance.

"You go on, Aunt Jane," said the girl. "I'm going to get some lilies. I shall be home almost as soon as you are," she added as the trim little lady protested. "Even if he is a miser I am sure old Mr. Worth won't mind my having a few flowers. Probably he doesn't know they're here at all. I'm sure buttercups and dandelions are his favorite blossoms. They're the color of gold, you know."

Sally waved a laughing farewell and slipped through an opening in the tall clipped hedge.

"Oh!" she cried sharply, for a man confronted her.

He was sitting back on his heels among the stiff green leaves of the lily bed, and in his hand was a great bunch of the fragrant flowers.

There was hardly a dainty blossom left in the bed.

He was a very tired looking man, with quite gray hair. His eyes were brown and his eyebrows very black, meeting symmetrically on the bridge of a very handsome nose.

He glanced coolly at Sally, and she was conscious that the brown eyes did not disapprove of her dainty self.

Her usually sweet voice became very cold and contemptuous.

"I came in to get a few lilies," she said as he rose to his tall height. "I am sure Mr. Worth would not care, he has so many."

"My name is Worth," he said, looking keenly at her.

"You?" she cried incredulously. "Then you heard what we were saying about your father, I suppose?"

He nodded. "My father has been dead for three years." A look of pain crossed his features and vanished in a grim smile. "I am James Worth. I am the miser of Havelock."

Sally's face was crimson with embarrassment, but she lifted a haughty chin.

"You listened!" she accused.

"I couldn't help it. These lilies had to be picked. I have promised them by noon. They are for Miss Trent's wedding bouquet. You see, I am explaining why I cannot give them to you."

"Ah, no! But I am glad that you do not mind my trespassing," she said hastily.

"I am afraid I would have objected to your taking my flowers," he said coolly. "You see, I am to be well paid for this bouquet. I could not afford to give them away."

The contemptuous look came back to Sally's eyes.

"Of course not!" She moved toward the open gate; it would be too undignified to squeeze through his hedge again. The situation required a conventional exit.

But fate ordained otherwise. Something crunched under her little white shoes.

"My hat!" he cried tragically.

Sally dashed the tears away and extricated her foot from the ruined hat. She noticed that it was not a new hat, but a panama head covering of the season before.

Sally had almost reached Aunt Jane's house when she murmured:

"How white he was. He must have a frightful temper. And all about a last year's hat!"

But she dismissed the unpleasant incident for the time because Aunt Jane was frantically preparing for Agatha Trent's wedding.

For several days Sally Birch evinced an unusual restlessness. No longer was she content to sit on the vine draped piazza and read or embroider. To Jane Gray's disgust Sally took to walking.

"My dear," fussed the little woman, "I can't follow you about the country, over hill and dale, and it really isn't safe for you to go alone."

"I always take Caesar along," protested Sally.

"Caesar is all very well," retorted Jane, patting the French bull pup, "but after this don't go any farther than the pine woods."

Sally agreed, blushing hotly, for how could she explain to Aunt Jane, narrow minded and prejudiced, that the Havelock pine woods had been the Mecca of her daily walk? Aunt Jane could not be made to understand that Sally felt that she owed James Worth, the "miser of Havelock," an apology for her rudeness.

So Sally and Caesar went to the pine woods once more, and for the first time since that May morning when she had slipped through his hedge she met the "miser of Havelock."

He was standing under the pines listening to the song of a wood thrush. He was bareheaded, and Sally remembered, with a guilty pang, Aunt Jane's idle gossip that the "miser" had taken to going bareheaded about the countryside.

He heard Caesar's pattering tread on the pine needles and turned his head just as Sally came to a pause, looking like a lovely picture in her pink frock. The sunlight slanted down and touched her brown hair with golden lights. Her eyes were as blue as the unclouded sky.

"Good afternoon," he said gravely, and without waiting for an exchange of courtesies he looked up to the topmost twig of a pine where the thrush was silhouetted against the sky.

"Mr. Worth," began Sally timidly, "I've been wanting to see you—to tell you I'm sorry about the hat."

His eyes looked so surprised that Sally's heart jumped oddly, just as if he had said: "Why, this girl is much nicer than I thought! She isn't such a barbarian, after all!"

He smiled, too, and ten years vanished. Surely he was not more than thirty. He looked very boyish.

"Pray don't trouble about the wretched hat," he said. "I'm sorry I acted so panic stricken over it, but"—he laughed outright—"it was a very serious matter."

"I am sorry. I was very rude about it and about the flowers," she added.

"Would it bore you if I told you why I am called a miser?" He hesitated.

A lovely look came into Sally's eyes. "I would feel honored by your confidence," she said quite humbly.

He found a seat for her on a fallen log, and, sitting down on the pine needles, he stuffed his pipe into his pocket and began.

Sally listened, fascinated, to a story of how a man, his father, had failed in business, in the crash carrying to ruin a number of his customers, men of small means who had trusted him.

Almost immediately he had died, and on his deathbed his son had promised to pay back every creditor and clear his father's name. To him it was a sacred trust, and he had paid up the debts, denying himself luxuries and even necessaries. Dick Havelock had been his college chum, and last year Dick had offered his friend the use of the country house, with the privilege of selling fruits and flowers, while he saw that the place was kept in repair.

James Worth was a writer who was struggling toward success. He had just completed a novel, it had been accepted by publishers, and a substantial check was in his pocket.

"I am happy today," he concluded frankly. "This check will pay off the last indebtedness against my father's name."

"I am so glad for you," said Sally softly, "and thank you for telling me. I wish every one knew that the 'miser of Havelock' is a nobleman in disguise."

"Oh," he cried, in embarrassment, "I only told you because I—I didn't want you to misunderstand. Any decent chap would have done the same thing."

"You will be going away?" she asked.

He nodded. "Tomorrow. Wait a moment, please." He disappeared among the trees.

Sally waited ten minutes, and then he returned, bearing a small bunch of lilies of the valley.

"These have been coming into bloom in the darkest corner under the hedge," he explained. "I was hoping I would see you again. I was saving them for you."

Sally pinned them at her breeast.

"I felt so mean about the others," he confessed. "But I got $25 for that bouquet, and it helped a lot. You understand now?"

Sally smiled. "I understand," she said and gave him her hand in farewell.

"Good luck," she wished him.

"Oh, I shall be coming back to see you!" he said.

* * * * * * *

And who can blame Sally Worth if she does call her husband the "Prince of Havelock" sometimes? Usually though, she calls him "Jimmy."

HEADQUARTERS FOR
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Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows, Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.
9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70.00.
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Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

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F. C. BOWMAN DEAD

Williamsport Man Stricken While Motoring to State College.

Frank C. Bowman, one of Williamsport's most prominent business men, was taken suddenly ill last Saturday while motoring to State College to see his son, who is a student at that institution, and died in the parlor of the Fallon House at Lock Haven. His death was due to heart failure. In the car when he was taken ill, near Great Island, were his wife and daughter Mrs. John C. Hays, also Mr. and Mrs. William Ellis and their two children. The machine was driven rapidly to Lock Haven where medical aid was summoned. Mr. Bowman rallied for a time, only to suffer a relapse an hour later and expire in the presence of his family and traveling companions.

Mr. Bowman was identified with the lumber business in Williamsport and elsewhere for many years. He was a native of Centre County. He was born February 5, 1844. His father was Benjamin C. Bowman, with whom he was interested in sawmilling and kindred business enterprises.

Benjamin C. Bowman was a native of Broome county, New York. He came to Pennsylvania in the early days of lumber business and engaged in lumbering and farming in Centre County. He removed to Williamsport in 1864 and became one of the syndicate owning the old Star mill, which was one of the most profitable lumbering businesses in the country in its day.

The elder Bowman took part in the organization of the Lycoming Rubber company and was vitally interested in the Susquehanna Trust and Safe Deposit company, and the Williamsport Gas company. He was vice president of the Lumberman's National bank which the Susquehanna Trust company succeeded.

Frank C. Bowman's mother was Eliza Ann Buck Bowman. Mrs. Bowman died in 1897. Her husband died the preceding year. When the family removed to Williamsport Frank C. Bowman remained on the farm owned by his father in Centre County. He later engaged in in the lumber business with H. Woodward, who operated a general store and lumber yard. This business connection lasted about ten years.

Mr. Bowman was interested in the enterprises that claimed the attention of his father. After the death of his father he became interested in many of the business activities of Williamsport.

Increased Dividend.

The Hayes Run Fire Brick Co., at Orviston, last week mailed to stockholders checks for a three per cent. quarterly dividend. Heretofore the company has paid a quarterly dividend of one per cent., meanwhile paying off a bonded indebtedness.

Become Independent.

Can give an ambitious party opportunity to establish a fine trade, in the vicinity, handling a high quality household commodity. It can be sold at a handsome profit at 20 to 25% under the retail price, as wholesalers and middlemen's profits are obviated by direct importation. No capital required. Address X are The Republican office.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 25c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth.
The new chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quietus—puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used, as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.
A box of P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of old-fashion bug killer. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, kills fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 25c. by the O. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

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SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Dining Car, and Day Coaches through the
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Tickets good going on Special Train, and connecting trains and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off allowed at Buffalo on return trip. Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.
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A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

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That Last Chapter

How a Detective Story Was Finished.

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Hello!"

"Well?"

"Are you Mr. MacKinnon?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"I'm Hayden, composing room. The last chapter of that detective story is missing."

"Missing?"

"Yes."

"Great Scott! What are we to do? Connelly read it, and I sent up the manuscript just as I received it from him. You say it is a detective story?"

"Yes. That's what the title indicates."

Here was a beautiful situation. A detective story with the last chapter missing! Connelly was the only person connected with the office who had read it, and he had gone away. I ordered a search made for the missing chapter without success. Nothing remained but the author. I called to the telephone operator, "Give me No. 2078 Penfield."

It seemed an hour, though it was but forty seconds, before I heard a click, and a woman's voice answered:

"Well?"

"Is this Miss Quigley?"

"This is Miss Quigley's home, but she's not here. She sailed this morning for Japan."

The groan I gave was doubtless audible to the woman on the other end of the wire, for she asked if anything was the matter. In reply I asked her if Miss Quigley had left any manuscripts or parts of manuscripts with her. The reply was that before leaving the authoress had burned every scrap of paper she had except a detective story in the hands of her publishers. I groaned again and hung up the receiver without even thanking the person for her information.

There was nothing for it but to read the story and write the last chapter myself. Just think—make an ending to a detective story, a detective story written by a woman famed for weaving plots that no human being but herself could unravel! I must first wade through a labyrinth of incidents intended to throw the reader off the track, my head at the same time being full of other matters. Connelly attended to his work, and I knew little or nothing about it. He had gone into hiding to escape a legal summons and no one but himself knew where. With the authoress in the middle of the biggest ocean on earth, there was no respite for me. I took up the telephone receiver again.

"Send me the manuscript of that detective story at once. There's been some confounded carelessness somewhere, and whoever is to blame will get his head taken off!"

The latter part of this message was superfluous. It was merely a blowing off of the mad that was in me. The manuscript came down, and, placing it on the desk at one side, the rest being covered with an infinite variety of matter, principally galley proofs, page proofs and everything else that can come from printers to distress an editor, I turned to the first chapter and began to skim, for I had altogether too much to occupy me to give the matter undivided attention. While reading the first chapter I gave orders concerning the making of pictures, the buying of supplies, the turning down of submitted manuscripts. I apologized for having offended suffragists, anti-suffragists, prohibitionists and winebibbers.

I have given this information respecting the interruptions attending my reading of the first chapter simply for a sample of the rest. When I finished all of the story I possessed I knew no more about the plan on which it was written than of the last chapter. But I had formed some idea of what might possibly be thrown in to worry the reader—it certainly worried me—and I went over it all again, this time to get a comprehensive view, and the result was more satisfactory. But as to who stole the watermelon—it was either a watermelon or a sapphire as big as a watermelon—I had not the faintest conception. However, since there must be a conclusion I selected from a number of intended misleaders one that I thought would be the easiest to make fit the conditions. This done, I locked my desk and went home to dinner.

At 9 o'clock I sat down to write the last chapter of "The Gem of Good Hope." My work consisted in fitting my denouement to the rest of the story, or, rather, in fitting the rest of the story to my denouement. Whoever has tried to work out one of those puzzles in which there is always one piece which cannot be made to fit in its proper place will understand the nerve racking task in which I was engaged. Just as I had come to believe that I was meeting with some success I smelled smoke and heard a commotion below.

Running downstairs, I found an incipient fire in the kitchen back of the range and set about putting it out. Some one had turned in an alarm, and in a few minutes the clanging fire engines were pulling up before the door. The house was filled with firemen, small boys, water and smoke. Fortunately the disturbance did not last long, but after it was all over and I returned to my literary labors I was obliged to listen to the sounds of the crowd attracted by the noisy firemen.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning before I finished writing the last chapter of "The Gem of Good Hope" and, throwing myself into bed, tried to sleep. But I was tortured by a fear that I had left something unconnected that would make the story ridiculous. However, I managed to get four hours' slumber and, after a hasty breakfast, went to the office with the manuscript.

After the typographical errors had been eliminated the proofs came to me for revision. They were a sight to behold. The proofreader had put one or more query marks in every paragraph, the sheets looking as if insects emerging from an inkwell had meandered over the paper. Most of these errors arose from fixing the body of the story to accord with my denouement. I might have turned them into good English, but every query mark let loose a million discrepancies. However, I did the best I could with them in the limited time and attention I was able to give them and passed the revised sheets on till the last chapter was reached, which I was pleased to see read very smoothly even if it deleted every intention of the author.

I wished that the book could be issued at once instead of in a couple of months. If the story came out immediately its glaring incongruities might be forgotten before the return of the authoress. I knew very well that she would make it hot for me, and if she returned when the story was issued it was quite likely there would be a veritable Tophet. If she returned later and my vision of her story was found not to be so bad as might have been expected she might let me down with comparative ease.

A perusal of the page proofs took away all hope. My ending of the story was not at all borne out by the circumstances. Every one of forty-nine of the fifty chapters bristled with reasons why my denouement could not have been possible. I, the author, the firm, would be ruined. Nevertheless the issue must go as it was. The story had been advertised for issue on a certain date and must be in the hands of the dealers at that time.

When I took up the first criticism on the story I trembled. It happened to be one of those that to us who know mean that the writer had not time to read the book. It spoke of Miss Quigley's marvelous ingenuity, etc. I groaned. Marvelous ingenuity! Just wait till some fifteen dollar a week understrapper has read the book attentively.

The next criticism I read was more definite. It spoke of the story as the most subtle of all Miss Quigley's wonderful plans. The critic was reminded of the stories of eminent detective story writers who left purposely a shadow of doubt in the reader's mind just what was intended. The story of "The Lady and the Tiger," the denouement of which was left to the reader, was cited as a most successful effort in this line of work.

An idea popped into my brain. Turning to my stenographer, I dictated the following item, which I sent to a trade paper devoted to book news:

> The "Gem of Good Hope," by Alice Quigley, is a new departure in detective story writing. After ably leading the reader through a number of incidents, each calculated to suggest a theory, the writer with consummate skill brings the story to an end upon a theory not at all in harmony with the facts laid down, leaving the reader to form any theory that he can fit to the narrative.

Having secured the publication of this item in one paper, I took measures to have it copied by others. It was not long before many of those who read the book had heard that it was intended for a puzzle to be worked out by the reader. The consequence was that every reader perused the pages with the utmost attention in order that he might be the better able to form the correct theory.

As soon as this view of the case was spread abroad the sales of "The Gem of Good Hope" rapidly increased. I seriously meditated offering a prize for the person who should give the correct interpretation to the story. I would surely have done so, but since it would be impossible to name anything that would conform to the facts as laid down I did not see how any one could win the prize. This, of course, would reflect on the integrity of the publishers.

Fortunately before Miss Quigley returned from her trip her book had had an enormous sale. I saw a notice in a newspaper of her arrival and fortified myself with a number of checks with which to make a defense when she visited me. She came in with eyes aflame and so choked with criminations for me that she could not utter them. I took advantage of the delay to hand her a $5,000 check. She took it without looking at it and, having found her voice, fired a volley. To this I replied with a $10,000 check. This check she glanced at, and it produced an effect. She was beginning again when I fired a big gun at her loaded with $15,000 shrapnel. This staggered her, and she looked at all the checks I had given her.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means," I said, "that your last and greatest work has had a phenomenal sale. No such literary financial success has been attained in years. Sit down, Miss Quigley, and I will tell you how it came about."

And I did. I gave her the story much as I have told it here. When I had finished it required some time for her to satisfy herself that she had met with a piece of good fortune instead of the barbarous treatment she had supposed.

Her next story she drew with the intention of leaving the reader to guess the outcome. It proved a failure.

ELLA'S MORNING RIDE.

When Red Tape Taught the Coachman a Lesson in Manners.

The late H. B. Claflin, who was one of the great merchants of the last generation, lived for many years at Kingsbridge, then one of the suburbs of New York. It was his whim to have each morning before breakfast a drink of cold water fresh from the spring near the house.

One very rainy morning the pitcher was not in its usual place, and he asked the waitress why it was missing.

"Why, Mr. Claflin," she said, "it was raining so hard and is so muddy that I was afraid if I went after the water I should be too soiled to wait on the table. I asked Michael to get it for me, but he said it was his business to look after the horses and carriages, not to run errands."

"Oh!" said Mr. Claflin thoughtfully. "Perhaps he is right, Ella. Please tell him I want the victoria."

Ten minutes later, with much trampling of hoofs and champing of bits, the carriage drew up at the door, with Michael on the box in his rubber coat and hat cover.

"Come, Ella," said Mr. Claflin, "get your pitcher," and taking her by the arm he walked down the front steps and helped her into the carriage.

"Michael," said he, "drive Ella to the spring and back, so she can get me some water without muddying herself."

Ever after Michael used to fill the pitcher on rainy mornings without even waiting to be asked.—Youth's Companion.

POOR PULLMAN PORTERS.

Come to Think of It, Their Jobs Are Not Such Easy Ones.

George or Lemuel or Alexander of the Pullman car—whatever the name may be—has no easy job. If you do not believe that go upstairs some hot summer night to the rear bedroom—that little room under the blazing tin roof which you reserve for your relatives—and make up the bed fifteen or twenty times, carefully unmaking it between times and placing the clothes away in a regular position. Let your family nag at you and criticise you during each moment of the job, while somebody plays an obligato on the electric bell and places shoes and leather grips underneath your feet. Imagine the house is bumping and rocking—and keep a smiling face and a courteous tongue throughout all of it!

Or do this on a bitter night in midwinter, and between every two or three makings of the bed in the overheated room slip out of a linen coat and into a fairly thin serge one and go and stand outside the door from three to ten minutes in the snow and cold. In some ways this is one of the hardest parts of George's job. Racially the negro is peculiarly sensitive to pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases. Yet the rules of a porter's job require that at stopping stations he must be outside of the car—no matter what the hour or condition of the climate—smiling and ready to say:

"What space you got, guv'nor?"—Edward Hungerford in Saturday Evening Post.

VALUABLE RUBBISH.

Fortunes Made Now In What Was Once Looked Upon as Refuse.

A gold mine in a refuse heap may sound strange, but it is a fact, for many things once considered mere waste are now a source of more wealth than an ordinary gold mine would yield.

In the earlier days of gas lighting the coal tar was regarded as a horrible nuisance and surreptitiously got rid of. Then the great discovery was made that all the hues of the rainbow dwelt in this dirty looking stuff which men despised and threw away. Today the byproducts of coal tar are counted by the scores.

In Lancashire alone cotton waste, once considered rubbish, has an annual value of £15,000,000! It consists of fag ends and sweepings and pickings and combings. Thousands of women are employed to divide this stuff into good, middling and bad, and it is sold at various prices for different purposes—papermaking, matting, surgical wadding and, most of all, the making of shoddy.

Soap boilers used to have great difficulty in getting rid of a thick, evil smelling liquid, which was the chief byproduct of their industry. They ran it into streams and sewers. Presently some one began collecting it and refining it. The result was pure glycerin.—London Answers.

To the College Boy.

When you enter college keep in mind the sound advice that a wise college president has offered to such as you. "Follow the preparatory school rules for the first year," he says. "Keep up the momentum that the school has given you rather than take advantage of your new liberty all at once. Watch the upper class men. See how they have improved or abused the freedom of the college life and the opportunities of the college and then deliberately make up your mind what kind of man you want to be."—Youth's Companion.

Can't Be Done.

"Mrs. Giddy has invited all the members of the sewing circle to a luncheon and matinee party."

"Doesn't she know they have been gossiping about her something awful?"

"If course she does. That's the reason she's trying to square the circle."—New York World.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THE COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one, article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section one of article eight, which reads as follows:

"Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact:

"First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

"Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

"Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

"Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election," be amended so that the same shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every citizen, male or female, of twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact:

First. He or she shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He or she shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he or she shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He or she shall have resided in the election district where he or she shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he or she shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

Fifth. Wherever the words "he," "his," "him," and "himself" occur in any section of article VIII of this Constitution the same shall be construed as if written, respectively, "he or she," "his or her," "him or her," and "himself or herself."

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amend section eight, article nine of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenues in excess of the interest on said debt or debts, and the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking-fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained," so that it shall read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the consent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which on the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, exceeded seven per centum of such assessed valuation, and has not since been reduced to less than such per centum, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation. The city of Philadelphia, upon the conditions hereinafter set forth, may increase its indebtedness to the extent of three per centum in excess of seven per centum upon such assessed valuation for the specific purpose of providing for all or any of the following purposes,—to wit: For the construction and improvement of subways, tunnels, railways, elevated railways, and other transit facilities; for the construction and improvement of wharves and docks and for the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of wharves and docks, owned or to be owned by said city. Such increase, however, shall only be made with the assent of the electors thereof at a public election, to be held in such manner as shall be provided by law. In ascertaining the borrowing capacity of said city of Philadelphia, at any time, there shall be excluded from the calculation a credit, where the work resulting from any previous expenditure, for any one or more of the specific purposes hereinabove enumerated shall be yielding to said city an annual current net revenue; the amount of which credit shall be ascertained by capitalizing the annual net revenue during the year immediately preceding the time of such ascertainment. Such capitalization shall be accomplished by ascertaining the principal amount which would yield such annual, current net revenue, at the average rate of interest, and sinking-fund charges payable upon the indebtedness incurred by said city for such purposes, up to the time of such ascertainment. The method of determining such amount, so to be excluded or allowed as a credit, may be prescribed by the General Assembly.

In incurring indebtedness, for any one, or more of said purposes of construction, improvement, or reclamation, the city of Philadelphia may issue its obligations maturing not later than fifty years from the date thereof, with provision for a sinking-fund sufficient to retire said obligation at maturity, the payments to such sinking-fund to be in equal or graded annual instalments. Such obligations may be in an amount sufficient to provide for and may include the amount of the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing and which may accrue thereon throughout the period of construction and until the expiration of one year after the completion of the work for which said indebtedness shall have been incurred; and said city shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until the expiration of said period of one year after the completion of such work.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-one of article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amend section twenty-one, article three of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"No act of the General Assembly shall limit the amount to be recovered for injuries resulting in death, or for injuries to persons or property, and in case of death from such injuries, the right of action shall survive, and the General Assembly shall prescribe for whose benefit such actions shall be prosecuted. No act shall prescribe any limitations of time within which suits may be brought against corporations for injuries to persons or property, or for other causes different from those fixed by general laws regulating actions against natural persons, and such acts now existing are avoided," so that it shall read as follows:

The General Assembly may enact laws requiring the payment by employers, or employers and employes jointly, or reasonable compensation for injuries to employes arising in the course of their employment, and for occupational diseases of employes, whether or not such injuries or diseases result in death, and regardless of fault of employer or employe, and fixing the basis of ascertainment of such compensation and the maximum and minimum limits thereof, and providing special or general remedies for the collection thereof; but in no other cases shall the General Assembly limit the amount to be recovered for injuries resulting in death, or for injuries to persons or property, and in case of death from such injuries, the right of action shall survive, and the General Assembly shall prescribe for whose benefit such actions shall be prosecuted. No act shall prescribe any limitations of time within which suits may be brought against corporations for injuries to persons or property, or for other causes, different from those fixed by general laws regulating actions against natural persons, and such acts now existing are avoided.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 3.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth in accordance with provisions of the eighteenth (XVIII) article thereof.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth (XVIII) article thereof:—

AMENDMENT.

Laws may be passed providing for a system of registering, transferring, insuring of and guaranteeing land titles by the State, or by the counties thereof, and for settling and determining adverse or other claims to and interest in lands the titles to which are so registered, transferred, insured, and guaranteed; and for the creation and collection of indemnity funds; and for carrying the system and powers hereby provided for into effect by such existing courts as may be designated by the Legislature, and by the establishment of such new courts as may be deemed necessary. In matters arising in and under the operation of such system, judicial powers, with right of appeal, may be conferred by the Legislature upon county recorders and upon other officers by it designated. Such laws may provide for continuing the registering, transferring, insuring, and guaranteeing such titles after the first or original registration has been perfected by the court, and provision may be made for raising the necessary funds for expenses and salaries of officers, which shall be paid out of the treasury of the several counties.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Perfectly Natural.

"Why does that young man reach in his pocket and draw out a package of papers as soon as he begins to talk to any one?"

"That's a mere matter of habit. You see, he is a life insurance agent."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

In the Modern Flat.

Prospective Tenant (dubiously)—Well, I'd take the place—it has modern improvements, and so forth, as you say—but I don't like that ugly crack in the wall over there. Janitor (hastily)—Crack, sir? Why, that's the private hall.—Puck.

Practice Makes Perfect.

Hobson—I never in all my life saw a man who could so readily guess riddles and conundrums as that Henry Peck. Dobson—No wonder! Just think of the practice he has. His wife keeps him guessing all the time.—Puck.

A TRAGIC RETREAT

When the Afghans Lured the British Into the Jaws of Death.

THE EVACUATION OF KABUL.

Of 16,000 Persons Who Left the City Under Pledge of Safety Only One Man, Except a Few Prisoners Taken, Escaped Massacre.

In this wondrous day of wire and wireless we learn, half across the world, the events of the day almost instantaneously, and the very elements carry abroad the news. It is more than romance; it is miracle, but a miracle that may banish forever from the pages of the future historian and romancer one of the most dramatic figures of the past—the messenger bringing first news from the battlefield.

Long even before Pheidippides of Marathon ran to Athens from the immortal battlefield, cried "Victory!" and fell dead the messenger held a place in myth and chronicle that he has maintained for centuries. Sometimes he is merely the swiftest rider or runner, sometimes a hero of the fight, chosen as an honor to bear glad tidings; sometimes a hard pressed refugee, sometimes even a lone survivor.

Lady Elizabeth Thompson Butler, the distinguished woman painter of wartime scenes, of which "The Roll Call" is most famous, once illustrated in a less known painting one of the most tragic episodes in the history of modern England—the arrival of Dr. William Brydon at Jalalabad, Jan. 13, 1842. Her terrible little picture shows the young Scotch surgeon, dazed, desperate, exhausted, clinging half conscious to his wearied horse as the walls of the city loom in sight.

He had come from Kabul, through the mountains, in midwinter, one of a retreating army of British and native troops, accompanied by swarms of attendants and camp followers. With them at first were also nine Englishwomen, wives of officers, including Florentia, Lady Sale, wife of Sir Robert Sale, the commander at Jalalabad, and his daughter. There were also fourteen children. A long, intricate and hideous series of blunders, treacheries and murders had brought the tremendously outnumbered British in Kabul to the point where evacuation of the city and acceptance of a promised safe conduct to Jalalabad seemed to their leaders the best that could be hoped for, and the retreat began.

But the Afghans did not keep their word, and soon there were no leaders. Before the march was half over many were slain and conditions were so hopeless that the others yielded to a proposal to surrender the commanding general himself, General Elphinstone, together with the women and children, into the care of the Afghan chief, Akbar Khan, as hostages, but not until the Kurd Kabul was passed.

The gorge of the Kurd Kabul is a five mile ravine between high mountains, so narrow, lofty and grim that in winter the sun scarcely reaches its depths. That January it was deep in snow, the rocks were glazed with ice, and upon every mountain slope, in every crevasse, behind every bowlder, lurked the fanatic Afghan tribesmen, with their long guns and long knives. Weary, crowded, half crippled by frost, the confused and formless masses struggling through the gloomy canyon soon lost all semblance of an army, as the slaughter soon lost all semblance of battle. It became simply the massacre of a rabble, and the snow grew red.

"Three thousand men," says the historian Sir J. W. Kaye, "fell under the fire of the enemy or dropped down paralyzed and exhausted to be slaughtered by Afghan knives. And amid these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes and then losing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

After the general became a captive with the women the rout and slaughter increased in horror. The Jugdulluk pass succeeded the Kurd Kabul; a dark, steep, winding track ascending high among frowning crags, and barricaded at its narrowest point. It was a trap. The fugitives were caught beyond escape. A mere handful emerged alive.

Within sixteen miles of Jalalabad only six of these remained. Before those sixteen miles were covered five of the six had been killed by straggling marauders.

Dr. Brydon alone, one man out of 16,000, reached the goal and bore the awful news.

Later, when England awoke and avenged, the women and children and a few prisoners were rescued. Dr. Brydon himself lived to share and survive the famous siege of Lucknow, another terrible episode in his country's history, but one as honorable and inspiring as the retreat from Kabul was humiliating and disastrous.—Youth's Companion.

Concentrated Sun Rays.

Archimedes once arranged a number of mirrors so as to bring the rays of the sun to a point called a focus, which means a hearth. The heat thus gathered together from the sunshine is said to have been sufficent to set fire to the Roman ships, which were besieging the harbor of Syracuse.

He who feasts every day, feasts no day.—C. Simmons.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET

FOR SHERIFF

GEORGE H. YARNELL, Walker Township.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

JAMES C. FURST, Bellefonte.

FOR PROTHONOTARY

IRA G. BURKET, Halfmoon Township.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

DAVID CHAMBERS, Snow Shoe Township.

FOR RECORDER

WILLIAM H. BROWN, Bellefonte.

FOR REGISTER

FRANK SASSERMAN, Bellefonte.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

HARRY P. AUSTIN, Milesburg.
ISAAC MILLER, Bellefonte.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS

C. H. GRAMLEY, Miles Township.
RALPH R. HARTSOCK, Huston Township.

A New Hampshire man has sung in a church choir for sixty years. It's a wonder he could stand it so long, and more of a wonder that the choir could.

If the Kaiser yields on the entire submarine issue, he is going to leave his loyal subjects in America stranded. The more outspoken of these unassimilated Teutons have loudly proclaimed from the first that the United States government was wrong to insist upon observance of international law in the sinking of merchant ships. If the German government finally admits that we were right in principle, a small army of militant anti-Americans within our borders are going to find themselves heavily stocked with literary dum-dums which they can't shoot at anybody.

WEATHER MAN'S TROUBLES.

We shall welcome anything the Weather Bureau can produce in the way of congenial weather. We had a fair spring, such as it was, but summer failed to materialize to the public's satisfaction.

The Washington weather authorities are always behind on deliveries. The fall models are now on, and we haven't had a chance yet to try out the styles in summer weather. If they are going to do any business with a genuine hot wave, the sooner they make their shipment the better. Possibly it will be hot enough for all practical purposes—for instance, when Noll and Grove get warmed up on their political pilgrimage. It will be only a minority man, the winner to be one of our County Commissioners. It will be a case of "the longest pole."

THE JUDGESHIP.

When the non-partisan judgeship law was enacted by the Legislature we very naturally assumed that judgeship contests would be conducted along non-partisan lines. The recent primary campaign afforded the first opportunity in Centre County for trying out the new law. As to how it operated is now pretty well known. Some of the candidates for Judge conducted their canvasses as non-partisans. Others adhered to party lines. The significant feature of the primaries is, however, that the voters of the two dominant parties paid little or no attention to the non-partisan principle but supported candidates according to their respective political affiliations. That this is likely to be continued during the November campaign is quite apparent. Since the primaries the active lieutenants of one of the unsuccessful Democratic aspirants for Judge have come out openly for Judge Orvis, who is one of the nominees and who is a Democrat. This development points the way for what may be expected to follow in the next six weeks. Democrats are lining up for Judge Orvis, and Republicans are massing behind Mr. Quigley.

On this issue THE REPUBLICAN stands squarely with the Republican of the two nominees, Mr. Quigley. He was not the Republican candidate of our choice at the primaries. We say this frankly and with no apologies. But the primaries are over and the Republicans of Centre County have by their votes expressed their choice. **Their decision is our decision. We are for Mr. Quigley because he is the Republican nominee. We have consistently** advocated accepting the will of the majority of Republicans of the county as expressed at the primaries. We advocate the same principle in the present instance. The question is no longer one of personal likes or dislikes or individual preference. It is one of respecting and carrying out the expressed wish of a majority of Republicans as signified by them at the primaries, and after all there is where party differences should end.

THE COUNTY TICKET.

Centre County Republicans are to be congratulated on the ticket as nominated by them at last week's primary election. It is a ticket that appeals for univeral support and one that commands the active, unselfish co-operation of Republicans of all sections in particular. Composed of strong, vigorous Republican timber, selected in a free and open field by Republicans, the ticket enters upon the November campaign with every assurance of success at the polls.

George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, is an admirable choice for Sheriff. His magnificent campaign of four years ago in a strong Democratic year clearly foreshadows certain victory on November 2d. The same applies to James C. Furst, of Bellefonte, for District Attorney. Clean cut, honest and conscientious, he is the type of candidate that appeals strongly to the people when it comes to a selection for this important office.

Republicans everywhere will take pride in voting for David Chambers for County Treasurer. He emerges from the recent primary contest with a small margin in the matter of votes but with a large amount of good will from those who opposed as well as those who fought with him. He won a signal victory last week and he deserves to be elected by an overwhelming majority in November.

Another aggressive, substantial nominee is Ira G. Burket, for Prothonotary. He is splendidly qualified for this post. Coupled with his demonstrated ability as a business man is a pleasing, courteous disposition that means much to citizens having matters to attend to in a public office. For Register the Republicans have nominated another genial, courteous gentleman in Frank Sasserman. He is young, energetic and deserving and enters the campaign with the good will of a host of friends.

The run-a-way race for the nomination for Recorder merely foreshadows the activity which William H. Brown will inject into the campaign in the next six weeks. His plurality of last week is a flattering tribute to his personal worth as a candidate and his friends anticipate a decisive victory for him in November. Having served one term as Recorder he is conversant with the duties of the office. His ability is unquestioned and with a united party back of him his election is assured.

The experience of mature years and the enthusiasm of earlier life are exemplified in the candidacy of Isaac Miller and Harry P. Austin for County Commissioners. They were in a group of five hustling aspirants at the primaries and they won out on sheer merit alone. Mr. Miller is one of our best citizens of Bellefonte. Wherever he is known his rugged honesty speaks for itself. Mr. Austin is a citizen of Milesburg and a hustler in every sense of the word. By his personal energy he is pushing himself forward and one cannot but admire the notable victory he scored at the primaries. He and his colleague Mr. Miller should receive the vote of every Republican in Centre County.

For County Auditors the Republicans divided honors between Penns Valley and the upper Bald Eagle Valley. Clement H. Gramley, of Rebersburg, and Ralph Hartsock, of Huston Township, are the nominees. Each comes from a locality entitled to recognition at the hands of Republicans. Each is well fitted for the office. Both deserve to be elected and unless all signs are wrong both will be. For County Surveyor the Republicans have named Norman Wright, of Bellefonte. He is an engineer in the employ of the Bellefonte Central Railroad and is well qualified for the work of that office.

With such a strong Republican ticket, and nominated in what all concede to be a Republican year, the verdict at the polls on November 2d might be said to have been recorded. We congratulate the Republican voters on their good judgment in the selection of candidates, and we urgently appeal to them to stand solidly behind the ticket until every vote possible has been brought to the polls.

A STIFF UPPER LIP

"Keep a stiff upper lip, my boy, and you'll get there," said one of our successful merchants to his boy who was complaining of the tide setting against him.

"It is easy enough to come over that old senseless saw, but what good is there in it? Anyway, of what use is a stiff upper lip?"

"I can't tell why, but I know a stiff upper lip is necessary to success in any business where determination is required."

The old gentleman did not know why a stiff upper lip helped a man in a pinch, but he knew that it did. There is a great deal in it; not to the lip especially, but it is an indication of nerve reduced to that condition known as "grit." Emetics, or other things that produce nausea, invariably cause paleness or trembling of the upper lip. Hemorrhages from the lungs or shortness of breath do the same; and so do pains in the heart. Ladies will notice that sick headaches are invariably preceded by twitching or trembling of the lips. It is also noticeable in sickly or feverish children. The trembling or curling up of the lip so often experienced by soldiers going into battle, or passing through exposed or dangerous positions, was caused by reflex nervous action. The soldier was scared, as he naturally would be, and as he had a perfect right to be. The impression of fear was communicated from the brain to the sympathetic nervous system, and from that to the puenmogastric nerve. In many instances men would become deathly sick, vomit and lose the ability to walk. These were generally accounted cowards, but they could not help it.

There was a man in Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment who was as honest, patriotic and faithful as ever soldier was, but he was never able to get into battle. At the first sound of battle on the front his lips would begin to tremble, the blood leave his head, his stomach turn wrong side up and his legs refuse to work. So chagrined was he at times that he seriously contemplated suicide. Finally his case became understood and he was assigned to special duty where he would not be exposed to such changes as produced these bad results. There is no doubt whatever that thousands of good honest men were disgraced, and some came home without honorable discharges, who were no more responsible for their inability to go into a fight than for the color of their hair or the size of their feet. It was all due to their peculiar nervous organizations. They could no more walk into a fight than if they had no legs, for of what use are legs without nerves? Sickness was not always characteristic of nervous inability to fight. The manifestations of fear may just as readily be produced through the lumbar plexus, thereby affecting the knees, causing them to quake and tremble, and even to work backwards. There are cases on record of temporary, and even complete paralysis of the lower extremities through fear in entering a battle. The most common sympton, however, was the paleness and trembling of the upper lip. It was a noticeable fact also, that thick or large lipped persons were troubled most in this way, while those with thin, well-formed lips were usually the last to show the symptoms, if they showed them at all. From time immemorial thin lips and nostrils have been regarded as signs of bravery and pluck. Such persons do not grow sick at the sight of a dead cat, or halt at the first little obstacle that rises in their paths. Their lips remain stiff—that is, do not tremble or turn pale.

Was the successful business man right in bidding his son keep a stiff upper lip? Or would it not have been nearer the thing to have said; "I perceive from the flexibility of your upper lip that you either have not nerve enough to do the business, or your nervous system is out of fix. Rest yourself a few days, eat sparingly of the plainest food, and take a few of Frank P. Green's Rexall Tablets. If your lip stiffens up under the treatment you may venture to go ahead, but if not you may as well seek employment where a flexible lip is no detriment."

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

David B. Allen, Mrs. E. Brady, Miss Florence Butler, Mrs. G. E. Hendricks, John Morrison (transient) N. A. Orvise, Miss M. A. Slacer. When called for please say advertised.

The Republican, $1.50 a year.

ROUT TYPHUS WITH PERFUME

Infected Soldiers Are Bathed in and Clothing Sprinkled With Loud-Smelling Cologne.

Cheap, highly scented perfumery has been found to be the greatest enemy of the typhus insect. Instead of being washed with soap and water and having their clothes sterilized, soldiers infected with the typhus insect are now bathed in cheap cologne and their clothing is sprinkled with the same highly odoriferous perfume. It has been found very efficacious, especially when the soldier is first attacked with the vermin.

In regard to the recent circular of the German imperial board of health, advocating the use of a preparation containing sabadilla vinegar in exterminating the typhus vermin, Andrew Balfour of the Wellcome Bureau of Scientific Research, London, calls attention to some statistics from Venezuela on the exports from that country of sabadilla.

In 1913, 258 tons of sabadilla seed were shipped from La Guaira to Germany, the shipments in former years averaging something over 100 tons annually. A little of the seed had been shipped to the United States, but none to England. Mr. Balfour considers this another proof of German preparation for the "great day."

J. BARLEYCORN, BAD DRIVER

His Hands Shake, His Knees Wobble and His Conscience Is More Than Half Asleep.

John Barleycorn is a bad chauffeur. His hand shakes, his knees wobble, his eyesight is poor and his conscience half asleep. And anyone who permits this reckless driver to sit at the wheel of a motor car is a menace to life.

That is why little sympathy is felt for the Baltimore man just sentenced to two years in the penitentiary because, while intoxicated, he ran down and killed a woman. And if this convict fancies himself the victim of a great injustice, he should compare his fate with that of the woman whose neck his carelessness broke.

One does not have to be intoxicated to deserve prison for reckless driving. Nor does one have to be rich, as the Baltimore man is. Indeed, the plight of this man should have an equally sobering effect upon all careless drivers, tipplers, teetotalers, plutocratic and poor.

Russia's Trade Language.

Merchants doing business in Russia are advised by the Merchants' association of New York to use the Russian language in preference to the French in commercial letters to Russian correspondents. As the result of several inquiries on this matter the association a few days ago asked the advice of C. J. Medzikhovsky, commercial attache of the Russian embassy in Washington. He stated that it would be better and more advantageous to use Russian rather than other languages, French included.

Before the beginning of the war German was more widely in use as a business language in Russia than the French language, but at present it is not advisable to use German in any correspondence with Russia. There are a number of firms in Russia with whom it is possible to correspond in the English language, and there are agencies for the translation of English into Russian at Petrograd, Warsaw and other large cities.—New York Times.

Rabbit Makes Home Run.

Though he was the first man up, two runners crossed the home plate when Jake Thielman, formerly a big leaguer, now of the St. Cloud team, lined out a hit to center field in the game with Long Prairie.

The ball, that was driven clear to the fence, hit a rabbit that was browsing in the long grass. The hare started for the diamond, touched second base, sped along the base line a few jumps ahead of Thielman, rounded third base on account of the fans on the side line and dashed across the home plate with the player hard on its heels.

"If we'd had another base to go," said Thielman, "I would have had to tell the rabbit to get out of the way and let someone run that could run."—New York World.

Each Has His Drink Dole.

One of the most singular views on drinking ever recorded occurs in a letter from Sir Henry Ingelby on August 21, 1661, printed in "Prying Among Private Papers."

"Sir William is so ill," wrote the baronet, "one of his doctors told me yesterday there was no manner of hope. . . . I have been taught that Jupiter allows every man who comes into the world a different proportion of drink, which, when he has dispatched, there remains nothing for him to do but to die, and that the proportion and expedition make great differences in men's ages."—London Chronicle.

No Italian Anthem.

Musicians will doubtless wish to add an Italian national anthem to their repertoire. They cannot find it. Italy has many patriotic songs, as the "Royal March" and "Garibaldi's Hymn," but no recognized national anthem, though the last-named song has almost come to the supremacy. In this respect Italy is at the same disadvantage as Turkey. After the revolution the Young Turks offered a prize for a national anthem, but so far the poet of patriotism has not come forward to claim it.

STARTING

Friday October 1st.

until

Saturday October 9th.

RUBIN and RUBIN

Harrisburg's Leading Eye Specialists will be at

Krumrine's Drug Store, Bellefonte

EYES EXAMINED FREE GOOD GLASSES

As Low as $1.00 As Low as

Special attention to school children. Careful attention to nervous people. For the convenience of those who cannt come during the day, we will be at the drug store until 9.00 P. M. evenings.

Don't Forget--October 1st. Until October 9th.

FINANCIAL SENSE.

Take Care of What You Earn and Then Invest It Wisely.

The greatest financial genius I ever knew and the richest man I ever knew personally once said to me:

"There is no greater financial genius possible than taking care of what you earn, and there is no better or surer way of taking care of your surplus than to invest it in sound securities paying 5 or 6 per cent. And such securities are easy to find any day of any year. So any man may be a financial genius if he will exercise the simplest common sense."

I protested that it would be said of such a man that he was narrow and selfish.

"Nonsense," the financial genius replied. "I have money invested in railroads, in packing houses and in manufacturing enterprises. Could money be invested more usefully? Yet it is as safe as government bonds and pays a better rate of interest. I invest my own money, but a man without financial experience may secure safe investments without difficulty. If a man has a bank account his banker will find safe investments for him. Bankers are men of financial experience, and 99 per cent of them are intelligent and honorable. There is no excuse for a busy man losing his savings. Many women, when they come into possession of money, lose it because they invest it in schemes bankers would not trust, or else the women loan their money to men who could not borrow money at a bank. Everything in life is simple and easy if we would only accept experience and be careful of big and sentimental notions. Financial sense is knowing that certain men will promise to do certain things and fail. Therefore when you invest your savings get security. And it is no more trouble to get good security than it is to get bad if you are guided by common sense and experience."—American Magazine.

Fat Crystals.

If small quantities of butter, lard and beef fat be separately boiled and slowly cooled for, say, twenty-four hours, the resulting crystals will show very marked differences under the microscope. The normal butter crystal is large and globular. It polarizes brilliantly and shows a well marked St. Andrew's cross. That of lard shows a stellar form, while that of beef fat has a foliated appearance. In course of time, as the butter loses its freshness, the globular crystal degenerates and gradually merges into peculiar rosette-like forms.

IT WAS A TOUGH STEAK.

But the Restaurant Man Easily Fixed It When the Kick Came.

It happened in a downtown restaurant. A well dressed—as he always must be to make a good story—young man ordered a steak. The waitress, rather pretty—which qualification she must possess in writing a story of this kind—filled the order, and the young man started in to devour the feast which had been set before him.

The young man had no sooner started in on the steak than he discovered that he had a kick coming, and as the restaurant proprietor passed he stopped him by saying: "I can't eat this steak; entirely too tough. I wish you would see that I get better meats when I come in here."

"Too bad! That steak looks all right. But let me get you another." And the aforesaid proprietor took the steak, the silverware which had been served with it and departed. He soon returned with a steak which looked exactly like the first one. The young man picked up his knife and started at his second order. "Fine!" he said as his knife cut it apart without the least effort. The customer was pleased beyond words, and that he enjoyed the steak was evident, for he left only the plate.

As the reporter passed out he met the proprietor again, and this is what was said:

"That steak was all right, but the girl made a mistake in not giving him a sharper knife. All I did was to put the same steak on another plate and bring him a sharp knife. You have no idea what a difference a sharp knife makes with a steak from a beef of questionable age." — Columbus Dispatch.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he s senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S. CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Hamilton Watches

in all grades and all sizes. We want you to come in and look this watch over reputed to be, and positively is, the very best American watch made. Used by over half the railroad men of the United States.

Use our phones. Both just inside the door, FREE

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. James McMullen left Monday to attend the G. A. R. encampment ot Washington, D. C.

Miss Maud McMullen, who had been visiting in Tyrone, returned home recently.

Mrs. John Fulton, of Osceola, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Shroyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gault visited on Sunday with A. Showers, in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Campbell, who has been visiting Miss Jennie Kephart, returned Monday to Pittsburgh.

A. T. Boggs has improved the appearance of his store building by laying a new concrete sidewalk.

Miss Hulda Wilkeson, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Harry Austin, returned to her home in Altoona a few days ago.

Miss Gladys Glenn is visiting Mrs. Oliver King, in Coleville.

Mrs. Oliver King, of Coleville, Sundayed with Edward Spear.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor and daughter, of Bellwood, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gault.

T. A. Hugg is in Berwick this week attending to his duties as Water Inspector.

Miss Reba Kreps, of Bellefonte, visited with Miss Reba Boggs during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Robison and family, of Beaver Falls, have moved into their property on Katherine Street.

Sylvester Walker, of Altoona, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. David Walker.

Miss Mary Boyle, of Filmore, Sundayed with Mrs. Mary Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cokely, of Julian, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Miss Abbie Brower, of Runville, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Miss Mary Wolf left Tuesday for New York City to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. White, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Cartwright, returned home to Johnstown.

Our ball team visited Pleasant Gap on Saturday and won by a score of 7—3. Roy Jones, third baseman, made a home run.

Mrs. James Oswalt is visiting in Snow Shoe.

Miss Agnes Swartz, of Tyrone, Sundayed with her sister, Mrs. Roy Coldren.

The high wind on Sunday blew the side out of the engine room building at the State Centre Electric plant. It made a clean sweep and did not even damage the part that fell. Workmen are repairing the building.

Don't forget that Miss Clark, of New York City, will will present "Peg O' My Heart" on Friday evening, October 8th, in the Baptist church. Get your ticket now. Admission 25 cents.

Woodward.

Mrs. Harvey Charles, from Hartlelon, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Cloyd Fiedler.

Samuel Orndorf, wife and daughter Miss Edna were over Sunday visitors at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Phoebe Wise.

Orio Motz, from Rock Hill, S. C., is visiting his brother, Carl Motz.

Dr. Ernest Kuhlman, from Pittsburgh is spending a few days at the home of Dr. Ard's.

Harry Hosterman is the proud father of a big baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moyer, from Coburn, spent Saturday afternoon at the home of the lady's parents James Weaver's.

Mrs. Ernest Kuhlman spent several days last week in Glen Iron as the guest of Mrs. Charles Miller.

James Guisewite was to Bellefonte one day last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth McDowell, from Aaronsburg, is visiting at the home of Thomas Motz.

Mrs. Mathew McCullough Dead.

Mrs. Anna McCullough, wife of Mathew McCullough, of Ramey, died on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock at the Philipsburg hospital, following a brief illness from perotinitis. The previous Wednesday morning about three o'clock she was taken suddenly ill and was removed to the hospital on Thursday afternoon. Her illness became more and more critical and on Friday when preparations were being made for an operation, it was found to be useless, her condition being hopeless. Anna Wagner McCullough was born in West Moshannon about 26 years ago, and was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Wagner, formerly of Philipsburg, both of whom survive, as well as one brother, Homer, of Houtzdale. Over six years ago she was united in marriage to Mathew McCullough, and to this union one daughter, Eleanor, who is five years old, was born.

One way to relieve habitual constipation is to take regularly a mild laxative. Doan's Regulets are recommmended for this purpose. 25c a box at all drug stores.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year.

Motorists May Waive Hearings.

Motorists who have been victimized by over-zealous constables and squires won an important legal point last Saturday before Judge Johnson at Media. A motorist arrested for speeding or other violation of the motor-vehicle act, Judge Johnson said, always has the right to waive a hearing and carry his case to court.

Certain magistrates, rather than see a fine slip away from them, have denied this right, which is guaranteed in the motor-vehicle act. An effort was made Saturday to have this part of the act declared unconstitutional, but Judge Johnson declared otherwise.

The decision resulted from an appeal to the Delaware county court by Daniel Griffith, of Chester, who was arrested in Marcus Hook by Constables Sykes, of Chester. He was fined by a magistrate, who denied him the right to waive a hearing.

John J. Stetser, for the Chester Jitney association, and J. Borton Weeks, for the Automobile Club of Delaware county, backed Griffith in his protest. Judge Johnson also ruled that a constable cannot hide behind a tree or in bushes along a roadside, jump out and arrest a motorist for speeding. To determine the speed of a motorist, he said, stop-watches at opposite ends of a given course are necessary.

Pasteur's Tribute to Lister.

Of all the tributes to the genius of Lord Lister, the discoverer of antiseptic surgery, probably the most touching was that paid to him by Pasteur, the famous French scientist. At a meeting of savants in Paris many years ago Lord Lister was present, and his brilliant achievements were explained to the audience by Pasteur. As he progressed in his speech he became more and more emotional, and at last he was so carried away by his own eloquence that the tears stood in his eyes. Finally he stepped down from the platform, took Lord Lister, who was in the front row of the audience, by both hands, led him back on to the platform and kissed him on both cheeks, after the manner of the French, in full view of the assembly. Few could have looked on unmoved at the great Frenchman's act of homage to the distinguished English surgeon.

Pauline Meyers Dead.

Pauline, the eleven years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Myers, of Fairmont Avenue, State College, died Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from a complication of diseases. Funeral services were held today, Thursday, at 2 P. M. Rev. W. H. Traub of Grace Lutheran church officiated. Interment was made in the Pine Hall cemetery.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

"Gee, I never tasted any Flakes like these

New
Post Toasties

They're absolutely new—made by a new process that brings out the true corn flavour and that keeps the flakes firm and crisp, even after cream or milk is added.

New Post Toasties are made of the hearts of selected white Indian Corn, cooked, seasoned and toasted; and they come to you FRESH-SEALED—as sweet and appetizing as when they leave the ovens.

The little puffs on each flake are characteristic of the

New Post Toasties

Your grocer has them now—get a package and give your appetite a treat.

EGGS SHIPPED FROM CHINA

Consignments Have Been Lighter From the Celestial Republic During the Current Year.

Shipments of eggs from China to the United States were lighter during the first quarter of 1915 than they were during the same period of 1914. The main reason given in commerce reports is the withdrawal of transpacific merchant steamers owing to the war.

Shanghai is one of the chief ports of shipment. During the first three months of the present year 410,760 dozen Chinese eggs, valued at almost $65,000, were shipped to Pacific coast ports of the United States. The record for January, February and March, 1914, was 1,818,737 dozen, valued at more than $300,000.

Eggs most popular for shipment are those from Brown Leghorns. No poultry farms or henneries, as understood in this country, exist in China. The eggs are obtained by buyers—similar to our hucksters—and assembled for export. They are shipped abroad fresh, pickled or frozen. Northern routes are preferred, because of the saving in refrigeration.

The egg supply is most plentiful during the spring and summer. Chinese chickens are fattened on rice. The cost of production is small, labor being had for 10 cents a day. Shipments from the interior to Shanghai come by rail, river or canal, and sometimes considerable time elapses before the cargoes are ready for exportation.

The Chinese farmer generally sells his eggs at about $4.60 a thousand, the price varying according to supply and demand. The interior transportation charges are usually defrayed by the merchant. The poorer qualities of Chinese eggs are extensively used for commercial purposes, entering into the manufacture of chemicals, the tanning of leather, etc.—Indianapolis News.

"TIPPERARY" SUNG NO MORE

Soldiers In the Trenches Now Chant "Is This Mr. Reilly?" Instead of Old Air.

Although it was first thought that the men responsible for "Tipperary" were Americans it afterward appeared that although they had both spent some time in this country they were actually of English birth. Now that song has ceased to be the chant of the British soldiers in the trenches. They have turned enthusiastically to another, which is also said to be of American origin, although an English composer has just asserted that he wrote the music more than thirty years ago.

The song heard just now wherever the Tommies are gathered together is nothing else than our old favorite, "Is This Mr. Reilly They Speak of So Highly, Is This Mr. Reilly That Keeps the Hotel?" Several months ago it became a craze with the English soldiers. In order to buy the rights for this country a song-publishing company set out to learn the source of the song.

It was written by Pat Rooney, one of the most popular of vaudeville comedians a score or more years ago. His son is now on the variety stage. Pat Rooney was an Irish impersonator and singer, who wrote "Is This Mr. Reilly?" in 1883.

Those Locomotive Orders.

An order for 400 locomotives looks big on its surface. The allies, particularly Russia, have been buying locomotives by the hundreds and many orders have been placed in this country. Americans are apt to run to the conclusion that each locomotive so ordered is of the American standard, a monster costing about $25,000. A railroad man said recently that it would be a fairer estimate if every locomotive order placed by the allies were divided by five.

"I mean," he said, "that one big American locomotive is equal to about five of the foreign locomotives. Some of the foreign orders call for trench locomotives, little dinkies of the Coney Island type. They are just little playthings compared with our tractors. They might better be called steam trucks, but 'locomotives' sounds better."—New York Times.

Deaths on the Highways.

During the first six months of the present year there seems to have been an alarming increase in the number of deaths and accidents on the public highways. This increase is not confined to any character. For instance, the fatalities due to automobiles in New York state increased from 183 in 1914 to 241 this year. In New Jersey during the same period there were 48 deaths and this year 88. Population grows and so does the number of vehicles in use on the highways, but neither are sufficient to account for this unreasonable increase of deaths on the highways. Drivers and pedestrians both have their rights, but the observance of ordinary care on the part of the man in the vehicle and the man on foot would undoubtedly cause a big decrease in the number of avoidable deaths.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Value of Expert Testimony.

The value of insanity experts and handwriting specialists grows of less and less value the more they are used in the courts. If a man doesn't demonstrate his mental incapacity to the extent that it is observable to the judge and the jury there isn't much use to attempt to prove him crazy by expert testimony. The old Quaker who said: "They are all crazy except thee and me and thee are a little queer" spoke a near truth.

WE HAVE
JUST RECEIVED
A Supply of
STEURH'S PEROXIDE CREAM
This cream is delightfully perfumed, cooling, soothing and refreshing skin tonic for the complexion---
Price 25 cents

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.
The Rexall Store
BELLEFONTE - PA.

LIKE THE EGYPT OF OLD

Country Has Seen Little Change While the Rest of the World Has Been Advancing.

In journeying to Assouan from Thebes the traveler cannot fail to be impressed by the two beautiful temples of Edfu and Kom Ombo. The former, situated almost midway in the journey, is of special interest because it is the best preserved of all the Egyptian temples. It was a center of the cult of Osiris, whose death and rising again was celebrated every spring within its close. The festival began with deep mourning. Processions of priests marched around the walls deploring the death of their god in the contest with the evil one. In the sanctuary lay the mummy, personified by a priest, while a priestess who represented Isis wept over her dead lord and begred for his return. At last the resurrection morning came, the mummy arose, and joy reigned among the worshipers. Again processions formed upon the walls and, marching with banners and musical instruments, proclaimed the risen lord to those who stood about.

A few miles away is Kom Ombo, the beautiful temple of Sebek, the crocodile god, whose devotees hated the worshipers of Osiris as fiercely as in later times the followers of the prophet hated the Coptic monks whom they found before them in this very valley. Like Edfu, it dates from the days af the Ptolemies, who built both buildings on ancient sites. The rulers of that time were Hellenists, but their architecture was that of ancient Egpyt, so firmly rooted in the land were the old dynastic traditions. Persian, Greek and Roman came and carved their names upon the temples, but left no mark upon the unchanging spirit of Egypt. Not even today is there any alteration, for still the houses in the villages are built as of old, and over them rise the pigeon towers, veritable pylons, exactly like the towered gateways of the ancient temples.—"Royal Temples of the Nile," by William Warfield in Travel.

Coal From the Arctic.

A few years ago, the idea of getting coal from Spitzbergen, one of the most desolate islands of the Arctic ocean, was a topic for romancers of the Sunday supplement type. Now it is a fact of considerable moment in many of the world's markets. A single company, financed chiefly by American capital, mined nearly 40,000 tons of coal from Spitzbergen last year. The deposit of fuel in the far North is said to be singularly easy to work. It comes in a single seam about four feet thick, stretching along the coast for 30 miles. The surrounding rock is so solid that timbering is not needed. The temperature is always below the freezing point in the present workings, which does away with the need of pumps. In fact the only real difficulty is that of getting men—and motion pictures have gone far to solve that problem. Yet for every ton of coal in Spitzbergen there are ten in Alaska of at least equal quality, closer to a hungry market. The arctic zone won't make a real dent in the fuel market till our big northwest territory gets in action.

Stop Slavery in Papua.

Our attention is called by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection society to the fact that following the publication of an article by our Melbourne correspondent in the Daily Chronicle which declared that slavery was flourishing in Papua (British New Guinea), an investigation was made by the Australian government and severe action has now been taken to bring an end to the conditions we described.

Among the allegations made were that native police threatened men with the destruction of their villages if they refused to sign on for a term of years; that many "boys" in one division were actually handcuffed for declining to come away at the bidding of certain professional recruiters, and that all of the able-bodied males of one village had been captured.—London Chronicle.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

FOR SALE—One bay horse, pacer, record 2:14, age 8 yrs, weight 1050. Apply to Mrs. C. Clark, Osceola Mills, Pa. H. & C. phone.

SALESMEN WANTED—Salesmen acquainted with merchants. Large demand Lib. comm. pocket samples. Wirth Salesbook Co., Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 2 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

LOST—Split bamboo, jointed fishing rod, in black cardboard case. May have been lost on State road between Bellefonte and Lamar, or on the road in the narrows between Lamar station and the Cherry Run bridge, along Fishing Creek. On the case was a label bearing the name, "Charles, Jr." Finder will be rewarded on returning same to Charles E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out-buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

The Romance of Elaine

Sequel to The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories.

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

After the finding of Wu Fang's body and Kennedy's disappearance, a submarine appears the following morning on the bay. A man plunges overboard from it and swims ashore. It is the entrance of Marcius Del Mar into America. His mission is to obtain information of Kennedy and recover, if possible, the lost torpedo. At the Dodge home he soon wins the confidence of Elaine. Later she is warned by a little old man to be careful of Del Mar. This warning came just in time to prevent Del Mar from carrying out his plans. Elaine gives a masquerade ball. Del Mar attends. Neither he nor his domino girl can locate the torpedo. A gray friar warns Elaine and Jameson of Del Mar's purpose, and his plans are upset. The girl enters the Dodge home as a maid; finds the torpedo, places it in a trunk, which with others is sent to the Dodge country home. In a holdup Del Mar's men fail to get the trunk containing the torpedo. Elaine hides the torpedo, which later is stolen by Del Mar's men, who in escaping meet the old man of mystery. A desperate battle follows, in which the old man destroys the torpedo. Jameson is captured by Del Mar's men while on his way to mail a letter to the U. S. secret service. Elaine rescues him. Lieutenant Woodward and his friend attend a party given at the Dodge home, at which Del Mar is present. Unknowingly Del Mar drops a note which gives Elaine a clue. In her attempt to prevent his cutting the Atlantic cable she is discovered and made a prisoner on the boat, which afterwards is wrecked by Woodward and the old man of mystery. Jameson arrives in a hydo-aeroplane just in time to save Elaine from drowning.

THIRTIETH EPISODE

BEHIND THE WATER DOOR.

Del Mar made his way cautiously along the bank of a little river at the mouth of which he left the boat, after escaping from the little steamer.

Quite evidently he was worried by the failure to cut the great Atlantic cable, and he was eager to see whether any leak had occurred in the organization which, as secret foreign agent, he had so carefully built up in America.

As he skirted the shore of the river, he came to a falls. Here he moved even more cautiously than before, looking about to make certain that no one had followed him.

It was a beautiful sheet of water that tumbled with a roar over the ledge of rock, then raced away swiftly to the sea in a cloud of spray.

Assured that he was alone, he approached a crevice in the rocks, near the falls. With another hasty look about, he reached in and pulled a lever.

Instantly a most marvelous change took place, incredible almost beyond belief. The volume of water that came over the falls actually and rapidly decreased until it almost stopped, dripping slowly in a thin veil. There was the entrance of a cave—literally hidden behind the falls!

Del Mar walked in. Inside was the entrance to another, inner cave, higher up in the sheer stone of the wall that the waters had eroded. From the floor to this entrance led a ladder. Del Mar climbed it, then stopped just inside the entrance to the inner cave. For a moment he paused. Then he pressed another lever. Almost immediately the thin trickle of water grew until at last the roaring falls completely covered the cave entrance. It was a clever concealment, contrived by damming the river above and arranging a new outlet controlled by flood gates.

There Del Mar stood, in the inner cave. A man sat at a table, a curious gear fastened over his head and covering his ears. Before him was a huge apparatus from which flared a big bluish-green spark, snapping and crackling above the thunder of the waters. From the apparatus ran wires apparently up through cables that penetrated the rocky roof of the cavern and the river above.

It was Del Mar's secret wireless station, close to the hidden submarine harbor which had been established beneath the innocent rocks of the promontory up the coast. Far overhead, on the cliff over the falls, were the antennae of the wireless.

"How is she working?" asked Del Mar.

"Pretty well," answered the man.

"No interference?" queried Del Mar, adjusting the apparatus.

The man shook his head in the negative.

"We must get a quenched spark apparatus," went on Del Mar, pleased that nothing was wrong here. "This rotary gap affair is out of date. By the way, I want you to be ready to send a message, to be relayed across to our people. I've got to consult the board below in the harbor first, however. I'll send a messenger to you."

"Very well, sir," returned the man, saluting as Del Mar went out.

* * * * * * * *

Out at Fort Dale, Lieutenant Woodward was still entertaining his new friend, Professor Arnold, and had introduced him to Colonel Swift, the commanding officer at the fort.

They were discussing the strange events of the early morning, when an orderly entered, saluted Colonel Swift and handed him a telegram. The colonel tore it open and read it, his face growing grave. Then he handed it to Woodward, who read:

"Washington, D. C.

"Radio station using illegal wave length in your vicinity. Investigate and report. BRANDON,

"Radio Bureau."

Professor Arnold shook his head slowly, as he handed the telegram back. "There's a wireless apparatus of my own on my yacht," he remarked slowly. "I have an instrument there which I think can help you greatly. Let's see what we can do."

"All right," nodded Colonel Swift to Woodward. "Try."

The two went out and a few minutes later, on the shore, jumped into Arnold's fast little motor boat and sped out across the water until they swung around alongside the trim yacht which Arnold was using.

It was a compact and comfortable little craft with lines that indicated both gracefulness and speed. On one of the masts, as they approached, Woodward noticed the wireless aerial. They climbed up the ladder over the side and made their way directly to the wireless room, where Arnold sat down and at once began to adjust the apparatus.

Woodward seemed keenly interested in inspecting the plant, which was of a curious type and not exactly like any that he had seen before.

"This is a very compact system," explained Arnold, "with facilities for a quick change from one wave length to another. It has a spark gap, quenched type, break system relay—operator can hear any interference while transmitting. You might call it a radio detective."

* * * * * * * *

I succeeded in getting Elaine safely home after Burnside and I rescued her in the hydroaeroplane, but no sooner had she changed her clothes for dry ones than she disappeared herself. At least I could not find her, though, later, I found that she had stolen away to town and there had purchased a complete outfit of men's clothes from a second-hand dealer.

Cautiously, with the large bundle under her arm, she returned to Dodge hall and almost sneaked into her own home and upstairs to her room. She locked the door and hastily unwrapped the bundle, taking out a tattered suit and the other things, holding them up and laughing gleefully as she took off her own pretty clothes and donned these hideous garments.

Quickly she completed her change of costume and outward character. Deftly she arranged her hair so that her hat would cover it. She picked a black mustache from the table and stuck it on her soft upper lip. It tickled and she made a wry face over it. Then she hunted up a cigarette from the bundle which she had brought in, lighted it and stuck it in the corner of her mouth, letting it droop jauntily. It made her cough tremendously and she threw it away.

Finally with a bold front she went out and passed down to the gate of the grounds, pulling her hat down over her eyes and assuming a tough swagger.

Only a few minutes before, down in the submarine harbor, the officers of the board of foreign agents had been grouped about Del Mar, who had entered and taken his place at their head, very angry over the failure to cut the cable. As they concluded their hasty conference, he wrote a message on a slip of paper.

"Take this to our wireless station," he ordered, handing it to one of the men.

A few minutes later the messenger in the submarine suit bobbed up out of the water, near the promontory, and climbed slowly over the rocks toward a crevice, where he took off the diving outfit and then went along to the little river, carefully skirting its banks into the ravine in which were the falls and the wireless cave.

In her disguise, Elaine had made her way by a sort of instinct along the shore to the rocky promontory where he had discovered the message in the tin tube in the water.

Something, she knew not what, was going on about there, and she reasoned that it was not all over yet. She was right. As she looked about keenly she did see something, and she hid among the rocks. It was a man, all dripping, in an outlandish helmet and suit.

She saw him slink into a crevice and take off the suit, then, as he moved toward the river ravine, she stole up after him.

Suddenly she stopped stark still, surprised, and stared.

The man had actually gone up to the very waterfall. He had pressed what looked like a lever and the water over the falls seemed to stop. Then he walked directly through into a cave.

In the greatest wonder, Elaine crept along toward the falls. Inside the cave Del Mar's emissary started to climb a ladder to an inner cave. As he reached the top, he glanced out and saw Elaine by the entrance. With an oath he jumped into the inner entrance. His hand reached eagerly for a lever in the rocks and as he found and held it, he peered out carefully.

Elaine cautiously came from behind a rock where she had hidden herself and seeing no one apparently watching, now, advanced until she stood directly under the trickle of water which had once been the falls. She gazed into the cave, curiously uncertain whether she dared to go in alone or not.

The emissary jerked fiercely at the lever as he saw Elaine.

Above the falls a dam had been built and by a system of levers the gates could be operated so that the water could be thrown over the falls or diverted away, at will. As the man pressed the lever the flood gates worked quickly.

Elaine stood gazing eagerly into the blackness of the cave. Just then a great volume of water from above crashed down on her, with almost crushing weight.

How she lived through it she never knew. But, fortunately, she had not gone quite far enough to get the full force of the water. Still, the terrific flood easily overcame her.

She was swept, screaming, down the stream.

* * * * * * * *

Rather alarmed at the strange disappearance of Elaine after I brought her home, I had started out along the road to the shore to look for her, thinking that she might perhaps have returned there.

As I walked along a young tough—at least at the time I thought it was a young tough, so good was the disguise she had assumed, and so well did she carry it off—slouched past me.

"Great Caesar," I muttered to myself, "that's a roughneck. This place is sure getting to be a hangout for gunmen."

I shrugged my shoulders and continued my walk. It was no business of mine. Finding no trace of Elaine, I returned to the house. Aunt Josephine was in the library, alone.

"Where's Elaine?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know," she replied. "I don't think she's at home."

Meanwhile, back of that wall of water, the wireless operator in the cave was sending the messages which Del Mar's emissary dictated to him, one after another.

* * * * * * * *

With the high resistance receiving apparatus over his head, Arnold was listening to the wireless signals that came over his "radio detective" on the yacht, moving the slider back and forth on a sort of tuning coil, as he listened. Woodward stood close beside him.

"As you know," Arnold remarked, "by the use of an aerial, messages may be easily received from any number of stations. In other words, this is eavesdropping by a wireless wiretapper."

"Are you getting anything now?" asked Woodward.

Arnold nodded, as he seized a pencil and started to write. The lieutenant bent forward in tense interest. Finally Arnold read what he had written and with a peculiar quiet smile handed it over.

Woodward read. It was a senseless jumble of dots and dashes of the Morse code but, although he was familiar with the code, he could make nothing out of it.

"It's the Morse code all right," he said, handing it back with a puzzled look, "but it doesn't make any sense."

Arnold smiled again, took the paper, and without a word wrote on it some more. Then he handed it back to Woodward. "An old trick," he said. "Reverse the dots and dashes and see what you get."

Woodward looked at it, as Arnold had reversed it and his face lighted up.

"Harbor successfully mined," he quoted in surprise.

"I'll show you another thing about this radio detective of mine," went on Arnold energetically. "It's not only a wave length measurer, but by a process of my own I can determine approximately the distance between

Elaine Discovers the Cave Behind the Water Door.

the sending and the receiving points of a message."

He attached another, smaller machine to the wireless detector. In the face was a moving finger which swung over a dial marked off in miles from one upward. As Arnold adjusted the new detector, the hand began to move slowly. Woodward looked eagerly. It did not move far, but came to rest above the figure "2."

"Not so very far away, you see, lieutenant," remarked Arnold, pointing to the dial face.

He seized his glass and hurried to the deck, leveling it at the shore and leaning far over the rail in his eagerness. As he swept the shore, he stopped suddenly. There was a house roof among the trees with a wireless aerial fastened to the chimney, but not quite concealed by the dense foliage.

"Look," he cried to Woodward, with an exclamation of satisfaction, handing over the glass.

Woodward looked. "A secret wireless station, all right," he agreed, lowering the glass after a long look.

"We'd better get over there right away," planned Arnold, leading the way to the ladder over the side of the yacht, and calling to the sailor who had managed the little motor boat to follow him.

Quickly they skimmed across to the shore. "I think we'd better send to the fort for some men," considered Arnold as they landed. "We may need re-enforcements before we get through."

Woodward nodded and Arnold hastily wrote a note on a rather large scrap of paper which he happened to have in his pocket.

"Take this to Colonel Swift at Fort Dale," he directed the sailor. "And hurry!"

The sailor loped off, half on a run, as Arnold and Woodward left down the shore, proceeding carefully.

* * * * * * * *

At top speed, Arnold's sailor made his way to Fort Dale and was directed by the sentry to Colonel Swift, who was standing before the headquarters with several officers.

"A message from Lieutenant Woodward and Professor Arnold," he announced, approaching the commanding officer and handing him the note. Colonel Swift tore it open and read:

"Have located radio aerial in the woods along shore. Please send squad of men with bearer. ARNOLD."

"You just left them?" queried the colonel.

"Yes, sir," replied the sailor. "We came ashore in his boat. I don't know exactly where they went, but I know the direction, and we can catch up with them easily if we hurry, sir."

The colonel handed the note quickly to a cavalry officer beside him who read it, saluted at the orders that followed, turned and strode off, hastily stuffing the paper in his belt, as the sailor went.

Meanwhile, Del Mar's valet was leaving the bungalow and walking down the road on an errand for his master. Up the road he heard the clatter of hoofs. He stepped back off the road and from his covert he could see a squad of cavalry headed by the captain and a sailor canter past.

The captain turned in the saddle to speak to the sailor, who rode like a horse marine, and as he did so, the turning of his body loosened a paper which he had stuffed quickly into his belt. It fell to the ground. In their hurry the troop, close behind, rode over it. But it did not escape the quick eye of Del Mar's valet.

They had scarcely disappeared around a bend in the road when he stepped out and pounced on the papear, reading it eagerly. Every line of his face showed fear as he turned and ran back to the bungalow.

"See what I found," he cried breathlessly bursting in on Del Mar who was seated at his desk, having returned from the harbor.

Del Mar read it with a scowl of fury. Then he seized his hat and a short hunter's ax and disappeared through the panel into the subterranean passage which took him by the shortest cut through the very hill to the shore.

* * * * * * * *

Slowly Arnold and Woodward made their way along the shore, carefully searching for the spot where they had seen the house with the aerial. At last they came to a place where they could see the deserted house far up on the side of a ravine above the river and a waterfall. They dived into the thick underbrush for cover and went up the hill.

Some distance off from the house they parted the bushes and gazed off across an open space at the ramshackle building. As they looked they could see a man hurry across from the opposite direction and into the house.

"As I live, I think that's Del Mar," muttered Arnold.

Woodward nodded, doubtfully, though.

In the house Del Mar hurried to a wall where he found and pressed a concealed spring. A small cabinet in the plaster opened and he took out a little telephone which he rang and through which he spoke hastily. "Pull in the wires," he shouted. "We're discovered, I think."

Down in the wireless station in the cave the operator at his instrument heard the signal of the telephone and quickly answered it. "All right, sir," he returned with a look of great excitement and anxiety. "Cut the wires and I'll pull them in."

Putting back the telephone, Del Mar ran to the window and looked out between the broken slats of the closed blinds. "Confound them!" he muttered angrily.

He could see Arnold and Woodward cautiously approaching. A moment later he stepped back and pulled a silk mask over his upper face, leaving only his eyes visible. Then he seized his hunter's ax and dashed up the stairs. Through the scuttle of the roof he came, making his way over to the chimney to which the wireless antennae were fastened.

Hastily he cut the wires which ran through the roof from the aerial. As he did so he saw them disappear through the roof. Below, in the cave, down in the ravine back of the falls, the operator was hastily hauling in the wire Del Mar had cut.

Viciously next, Del Mar fell upon the wooden aerial itself, chopping it right and left with powerful blows. He broke it off and threw it over the roof.

Del Mar made his way back quickly over the roof, back through the scuttle and down the stairs again. Should he go out? He looked out of the window. Then he went to the door. An instant he paused thinking and listening, his ax raised, ready for a blow.

Arnold and Woodward, by this time, had reached the door, which swung open on its rusty hinges. Woodward was about to go in when he felt a hand on his arm.

"Wait," cautioned Arnold. He took off his hat and jammed it on the end of a stick. Slowly he shoved the door open, then thrust the hat and stick just a fraction of a foot forward.

Del Mar, waiting, alert, saw the door open and a hat. He struck at it hard with the ax and merely the hat and stick fell to the floor.

"Now, come on," shouted Arnold to Woodward.

In the other hand Del Mar held a chair. As Woodward dashed in with Arnold beside him, Del Mar shied the chair at their feet. Woodward fell over it in a heap, and as he did so Arnold fired, but even that was not quick enough. The delay was all that Del Mar had hoped to gain. Without a second's hesitation he dived through an open window, just as Arnold ran forward, avoiding Woodward and the chair. It was spectacular, but it worked. He turned, and with Woodward, who had picked himself up in spite of his barked shins, they ran back through the door by which they had entered.

Recovering himself Del Mar dashed for the woods just as Arnold and Woodward ran around the side of the house, still blazing away after him, as they followed, rapidly gaining.

* * * * * * * *

Elaine changed her clothes quickly. Meanwhile she had ordered horses for both of us, and a groom brought them around from the stables. It took me only a short time to jump into some dry things and I waited impatiently.

She was ready very soon, however, and we mounted and cantered off again in the direction of the shore where she had seen the remarkable waterfall, of which she had told me.

We had not gone far when he heard sounds, as if an army were bearing down on us. "What's that?" I asked.

Elaine turned and looked. It was a squad of cavalry.

"Why, it's Lieutenant Woodward's friend, Captain Price," she exclaimed, waving to the captain at the head of the squad.

A moment later Captain Price pulled up and bowed. Quickly we told him of what Elaine had just discovered.

"That's strange," he said. "This man—" indicating the sailor, "has just told me that Lieutenant Woodward and Professor Arnold are investigating a wireless outfit over near there. Perhaps there's some connection."

"May we join you?" she asked.

"By all means," he returned. "I was about to suggest it myself."

We fell in behind with the rest and were off again.

Under the direction of the sailor we came at last to the ravine where we looked about searchingly for some trace of Arnold and Woodward.

"What's that noise?" exclaimed one of the cavalrymen.

We could hear shots, above us.

"They may need us," cried Elaine, impatiently.

It was impossible to ride up the sheer heights above.

"Dismount," ordered Captain Price.

His men jumped down and we followed him. Elaine struggled up now, helped by me, now helping me.

Farther down the hill from the deserted house which we could see above us at the top was an underground passage which had been built to divert part of the water above the falls for power. Through it the water surged and over this boiling stream ran a boardwalk, the length of the tunnel.

Into this tunnel we could see that a masked man had made his way. As he did so, he turned for just a moment and fired a volley of shots.

Elaine screamed. There were Arnold and Woodward, his targets, coming on boldly, as yet unhit. They rushed in after him, in spite of his running fire, returning his shots and darting toward the tunnel entrance through which he still blazed back at them.

From our end of the ravine, we could see precisely what was going on. "Come—the other end of the tunnel," shouted Price, who had evidently been over the ground and knew it.

We made our way quickly to it and it seemed as if we had our man trapped, like a rat in a hole.

In the tunnel the man was firing back at his pursuers as he ran along the boardwalk for our end. He looked up just in time as he approached us. He dropped down and let himself, without even a splash, into the water.

Arnold and Woodward took a step into the darkness, scarcely knowing what to expect, their eyes a bit better accustomed to the dusk. But if they had been there an hour, in all probability they could not have seen what was at their very feet.

Del Mar had sunk and was swimming under water in the swift black current sweeping under them. As they entered, he passed out, nerved up to desperation.

Down the stream, just before it took its final plunge to the power wheel, Del Mar managed by a superhuman effort to reach out and grasp a wooden support of the flooring again and pull himself out of the stream. Smiling grimly to himself, he hurried up the bank.

"Someone's coming," whispered Price. "Get ready."

We leveled our guns. I was about to fire.

"Look out! Don't shoot!" warned a voice sharply. It was Elaine. Her keen eyes and quick perception had recognized Arnold, leading Woodward. We lowered our guns.

"Did you see a man, masked, come out here?" cried Woodward.

"No—he must have gone your way," we called.

"No, he couldn't."

Arnold was eagerly questioning the captain as Elaine and I approached. "Dropped into the water—risked almost certain death," he muttered, half turning and seeing us.

"I want to congratulate you on your nerve for going in there," began Elaine, advancing toward the professor.

Apparently he neither heard nor saw us, for he turned as soon as he had finished with Price and went into the case as though he were too busy to pay any attention to anything else.

Elaine looked up at me in blank astonishment.

"What an impolite man," she murmured, gazing at the figure all stooped over as it disappeared in the darkness of the tunnel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Diana

She Started as "the Kid."

By EUNICE BLAKE

Hackstaff was a New York city man who, when it became necessary for him to choose a life occupation, not fancying being cooped up between walls, concluded to go in for ranching. Having the wherewithal to set himself up as a ranchman, he purchased a tract of land in the far west, built a spacious house on it and stocked it.

Hackstaff had no intention of burying himself alone in a wilderness. He had plenty of friends who he knew would be glad to visit him, and on planning his house he arranged for their entertainment. The first thing he did after getting things in order was to issue invitations for a party of ladies and gentlemen to come out and spend a month with him. This was the month of August, and when September came the host arranged for a hunting party, inviting his guests to put in another month in that way. Some accepted and some declined. Among those who declined was Edward Carrington, a man considerably older than Hackstaff, whom the latter had met abroad, but whose family he had never seen.

When Carrington left the ranch preparations were being made to start on the hunt on the 15th of September, the party consisting of six men and four women. Soon after he reached home he telegraphed to Hackstaff, "Can I transfer my invitation for the hunt to a member of my family?" The reply was "Certainly." The next day another telegram was received, "Frank leaves this evening at 6 o'clock."

Meanwhile one of the women who were to compose the party received word that she was needed at home. This decided an intimate friend to go with her. The number of women was thus reduced to two, and these two decided that the preponderance of men would be so great that they had better return with the women who were going home. They were not urged to remain because the men, since the number of women of the party had been so greatly reduced, preferred not to be encumbered with any women at all.

Frank Carrington arrived late at night. The hunting party was to start at 4 o'clock the next morning. Since they must arise early all turned in early, Hackstaff having first arranged for the reception of the new guest. At 3 o'clock all were called, and Hackstaff, having dressed himself, went out into the hall and rapped at the door of the room that he had assigned to young Carrington.

"In a minute," was the reply.

Hackstaff opened his eyes. The voice sounded distinctly feminine. What did it mean? There was no woman in the house, not even a cook.

"This is very singular," muttered Hackstaff. "I wonder if Carrington has sent a boy so young that his voice hasn't changed. I hope not. We don't wish to be encumbered with a kid."

Presently the door of the newly arrived guest's room opened, and a girl stepped forth. She was about eighteen years old, hearty looking and dressed in a hunting costume, the lower part of which consisted of a pair of bloomers. This apparel caused her to look much younger than she was.

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Hackstaff, aghast. "Who are you?"

"Why, I'm Frank Carrington. Didn't papa arrange it all?"

"Frank? Frank's a male name."

"Oh, dear! That's just like papa; he never remembers that. My name is Frances. I came out to join your hunting party."

"That's too bad. The women have all backed out."

"All backed out!"

"Yes."

"Why have they done that?"

I explained to her how it had happened, but did not mention the fact that the women had all left the camp. She listened to me with a look of disappointment on her face till I had finished, then said:

"Well, I suppose I must stay here with those who are left and miss the hunt."

"There are none left," I said.

"Not one?"

"Not one."

There was silence for a few minutes, while the girl's features were working convulsively; then a flood of tears gushed forth. This melted Hackstaff at once.

"Don't cry, little girl," he said. "We will find some way out of it."

"I'm not a little girl; I'm a woman. I'm eighteen!"

"You don't mean it. I thought you were about twelve."

By this time the members of the party began to emerge from their rooms. At seeing Hackstaff talking with a girl in tears whom they supposed to be a child they were all much astonished.

"Gentlemen," said Hackstaff, "there has been a serious mistake. This is the Frank who was to join us. She is Miss Frances Carrington."

The men all bowed.

"She has come out here for a hunt, supposing there were to be ladies in the party," continued the host. "One of two things must be done with her. I must either send her right back home or we must take her with us. Which shall it be?"

There was silence for a few moments; then one of the guests said faintly: "Take her along. I don't believe she'll be much of an encumbrance. We can carry her a part of the time. I'll do my share of it."

This was echoed with evident reluctance by the others.

"You won't carry me," snapped the girl, wiping away her tears. "I've done a lot of hunting, and I don't ask any odds of any one."

"Well spoken!" exclaimed Hackstaff. "You come right along with us. I'll vouch for your ability to keep up your end."

This comforted the girl, though she seemed to feel a repugnance at being the only woman among so many men and realized that she was not wanted. She made a faint proposition to return to her home, but by this time Hackstaff realized that there was nothing for it but to take her along and would not listen to any other solution of the problem. With this the others were sufficiently gallant to accord.

As soon as breakfast was over and the pack horses loaded the party mounted horses to proceed to the hunting grounds. Hackstaff was expecting to help Miss Frank to mount; but, making a run, she jumped into the saddle and was astride her horse before he was aware of the fact. This start gave the party confidence, and the men began to think "the Kid" would not be much of an encumbrance, after all.

In the hunting grounds selected were bear, deer and other varieties of game. When the first was sighted Hackstaff motioned the party to defer to the Kid, and so true was her aim that she brought the animal down with a single shot. Nothing succeeds like success, and the name of the Kid was thenceforth changed to Diana.

When night came on the men began to cut wood for the purpose of making a cabin for Diana, but as soon as she realized what they were doing she stopped them.

"I sleep on the ground in my blankets," she said in a decisive tone, "and don't you forget it. I didn't come out here to put on frills."

No cook had been brought with the party, Hackstaff having intended to do the best he could at getting the simple meals required. Diana took the matter out of his hands and showed herself an adept at making savory dishes out of the simple stock of provisions that had been brought on the pack horses, and when supper was served all declared that it was the best meal they had ever eaten in camp.

Hackstaff was the only man of the party who had ever hunted to any extent, the rest being mostly amateurs. He therefore arranged for their methods of hunting, how they should separate and how come together on signal. Diana insisted on hunting alone and during the first day brought in more game than any other of the party except Hackstaff.

One day when Diana was stalking through a wood she heard that deep growl which comes from a bear. Cocking her rifle, she advanced under cover of the bushes in the direction from which the growl seemed to come. Reaching a place where the trees grew thinner, she saw Harry Evans, the youngest member of the party, just disappearing in the branches of a tree. At the same moment a huge grizzly bear emerged from some underbrush and lumbered toward the tree in which Evans had taken refuge. Reaching the tree, the animal raised itself on its hind legs, rested its fore paws on the tree and looked up at the refugee. At the same time Diana heard something strike the ground. It was Evans' rifle. He was so frightened that he had dropped it.

The bear exposed a side to Diana, giving her a fine opportunity to put a bullet behind a fore leg, which meant into the heart. Taking deliberate aim, she fired, and bruin dropped to the ground.

Hackstaff was near by and, hearing the shot, broke through the trees and brush into the space where all this occurred just in time to see the shot and its result. When the bear fell Diana advanced. Evans remained in the tree. Diana, seeing that the bear was immovable, poked him with her foot.

"Are you sure he's dead?" asked Evans.

Hackstaff burst into a laugh and called on the man in the tree to come down, which he did with some reluctance.

This episode placed Diana at the head of the party for sportsmanship and Harry Evans at the foot. The men had begun by calling Frank the Kid. They now transferred the name to him.

During the rest of the hunt Diana won the name that had been given her, proving herself the best shot in the party. Her ride back to the ranch was a triumph, and at the first supper at the ranch house she was placed at the head of the table, and her health was drunk by the others standing and with a hurrah.

But another triumph was in store for her. She had brought with her a trunk, and when, after having donned a becoming costume, she emerged from her room every man was struck with her appearance. Not only this—every man was ready to be her slave.

However, Hackstaff, as host, claimed the privilege of escorting her back to civilization and made so great headway with her that at the end of the journey he was permitted to go to her father to ask for her hand, though it is questionable if his success with her was not largely based on the fact that she was anxious to live on a ranch, her desire for that being due to the fact that she was a born huntress and her taste for the sport could be better gratified on a ranch than anywhere else.

FIFTY-FIFTY WIFE

Husband Enters Into Novel Race With Wife in Saving the Family's Money.

In the American Magazine is an account of what competition did toward encouraging a bank account:

"I am on a newspaper. I have always made a salary in excess of simple living requirement, but I was a free spender and did not save.

"A baby came, and I felt an added responsibility. I was afraid—actually frightened for the first time in my life. Then I gave the matter of saving some thought, but I could not decide upon any course of action.

At the office one day a business discussion made me see that what I needed in my home was competition.

"That night on my arrival home I said to my wife that I would, beginning the next Saturday, give her half my salary and I would keep the other half, and we each take an equal share of the household expenses.

"At the end of the first month I left my bank book on the library table. I wanted to surprise her. That evening she handed it to me and said she thought I was doing fine. Looking at her closely, I saw that she realized she was challenged. She did not speak, however, of any intention she might have had in her mind.

"A month later I found her bank book on the library table identically as I had left mine. She had beaten me, for her savings showed $10.50 more than my own for the corresponding month and $15 in excess of my deposits for the first month.

"We are now in a race. We both have the saving habit. We have enough to buy a home, if we should join funds."

MAINE MAN WEARS TIN HAT

Natty Headpiece, But Not Likely to Be Adopted as the Popular Mode.

The latest innovation in men's apparel has been sprung by W. H. Whiting of Jonesboro, Me. It is a tin hat, with a band made of copper. He fashioned the natty headpiece himself. It is not only very light in weight, but he claims that it is cheaper than a straw "bonnet," lasts longer and is absolutely rainproof.

Whiting's tin hat has a luster all its own, something that takes the shine off all other hats. It is more showy than Mambrino's helmet, made famous by Don Quixote. Whiting's hat is made of tin, common sheet tin, the same kind of tin that baked beans and sardines and tomatoes are put up in.

It is built on a 1915 model, and no fashionable youth of the town can "put anything over" on him in the matter of style. It is neat, but not gaudy, a tin body with a copper band, not quite as brilliant as a ribbon with college colors, but more substantial and quite as attractive. At least, it attracts plenty of attention when Whiting wears it on the streets.—Boston Post.

A French Story.

A leading light of the Parisian bar was deprived of Gaston, his butler, by the mobilization. Gaston has returned, decorated with the Legion of Honor and exempted from further military service because of an incapacitating wound that does not, however, interfere with the exercise of his calling. His place has been kept for him, but his return plunged the barrister into a perplexing embarrassment.

While Gaston wears the red ribbon, there were among the habitual guests of the house a number of eminent members of the bar whose buttonholes are entitled to nothing but flowers. The proprieties and all rules of precedence were contrary to the idea of a Legion of Honor man serving one not decorated.

The judge refused to part with his servant and solved the problem by deciding that none but Legion of Honor men should eat at his table.

Dogs Are Wise.

Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance company and also of the Safety First Federation of America, in accepting the presidency of the latter body, said: "The old way of crossing a street will no longer do; it is dangerous. A dog no longer runs against or under an automobile as he did when they first appeared. He has changed his whole attitude toward street traffic. The average man has not changed. . . . On the other hand, the traffic as against the pedestrian has grown aggressive and careless." The federation was organized a few weeks ago by a convention attended by delegates from 14 states.

Carry Your Wealth With You.

The greatest riches—in fact, all the wealth that is of real value—must center in yourself. You must be rich within, not outside, of yourself; rich in the things that financial panics, fluctuations of trade, accidents by flood or fire, dishonesty of business associates, of errors of judgment, cannot rob you of. Your greatest investment must be self-investment. Investment in health, in courage, in kindliness, in nobility of manhood or womanhood.—O. S. Marden.

New Yorkers Are Milk Drinkers.

Milk is becoming the favorite drink of residents of New York city, according to recent statistics of the health department, and the number of licensed saloons is decreasing. It is reported that the consumption of milk has increased in the city 50 per cent in ten years.

THE WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

Sept. 27, 1914.

French re-enforced on the Meuse.

Germans bombarded Malines.

Russians checked German advance into Poland at Suwalki and entered town of Przemysl.

German aviators dropped bombs in Paris and Warsaw.

Sept. 28, 1914.

Belgians retook Alost and repulsed Germans at Malines.

General Hindenburg's army forced to retire from Poland.

Russians crossed the Carpathians and invaded Hungary.

German Congo seized by British and French.

French warship sunk by Cattaro forts.

Sept. 29, 1914.

Germans occupied Moll and Malines and bombarded Lierre.

Outer defenses of Antwerp shelled by the Germans.

Serbs retook Semlin.

Japanese invested Tsingtau.

British warships bombarded Tsingtau.

German cruiser Emden sank five British steamers in Gulf of Bengal and all tank steamers at Madras.

Zeppelin dropped bombs in Belgian towns.

Sept. 30, 1914.

Allies drove back both German wings and retook St. Mihiel.

Germans destroyed town of Orchies.

Germans failed in attempt to cross the River Niemen.

Oct. 1, 1914.

Allies won fight around Roye.

French shelled Germans in quarries.

German and Japanese warships fought in Kiaochow harbor.

Troops from India landed at Marseilles.

Oct. 2, 1914.

Allies checked at Arras.

Germans driven back across the Meuse.

Two Antwerp forts silenced.

Russians broke German center and took up new battle line from Mariampol to Ossowetz.

Germans [illegible] Ossowetz.

Russians took two forts of Przemysl.

German cruisers shelled Papeete, capital of French islands of Tahiti.

French gunboat sank German auxiliary ships Rhios and Itolo.

Defying the Stomach.

While trying to drink a quart of whisky without taking the bottle from his lips Isaac B. Pierson of Clarksville, N. J., recently succumbed to heart trouble. He had won the whisky on the Harvard-Yale football game, and was so elated that he insisted that his stomach was as good as his judgment. He had almost accomplished the task when he dropped to the floor.

More fortunate was Willis Hunting of Milwaukee, who took to himself a short time ago the title of champion almond eater of his city. He was very fond of burnt almonds and on a wager agreed to consume a five-pound box. He performed the feat, ate half a pound more to show that he had not won by a fluke and then—took to his bed. A doctor had to be called, but with the liberal use of the stomach pump Hunting pulled through.

Bird Wears Artificial Leg.

Strutting on the farm of John R Lott, near Freehold, N. J., is the only wild bird in the country that has an artificial leg. This handsome cock pheasant owes its life to the skill of Dr. August R. White, a dentist.

The pheasant, with one leg broken off just above the foot, and apparently injured in a battle with cats, was found on the farm several weeks ago and was taken to the Lott home.

Doctor White, a sportsman, heard of the bird and made an artificial brass leg, which he fixed to the injured stump with silver wires. After the pheasant had worn its new leg a week, the wires broke. Then Doctor White fashioned another leg to fit snugly about the remnant of broken bone, and this time procured a support upon which the bird could walk with apparent ease.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.11
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.36	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv	Pine Grove Mill	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.00
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyron connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists.

SEVEN BARKS
a Sure and Safe Remedy for
DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.
Seven Barks, which is the extract of Roots and Herbs, will make your food digest, banish Headaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 50 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon
Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa
Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

William Wolf was a business visitor to Snow Shoe last Friday.

H. Laird Curtin was a business visitor to Pittsburgh on Tuesday.

Joseph L. Montgomery was a business visitor to Chicago on Monday.

Trood Parker, of Clearfield, visited over Sunday with Bellefonte friends.

Charles Larimer, of Cresson, visited with home friends here last Sunday.

Jacob Barlet, Lew McQuistion and W. R. Brachbill are at Bentonville, Virginia, fishing for bass.

R. B. Freeman, of Tyrone, spent last Friday night here with his daughter, Mrs. Hugh N. Crider.

Mrs. W. E. Burkholder recently visited several days with her brother, Charles Duck, in Lewistown.

H. E. Herron, assistant superintendent at the new penitentiary, was a visitor to Pittsburgh on Sunday.

Mrs. S. E. Satterfield departed yesterday for Pittsburgh to visit with friends for a month or six weeks.

Penn State opened the football season on the home grounds last Saturday by defeating Westminster 26—0.

W. S. Mallalieu, local manager for The Bell Telephone Co., made a business trip to Williamsport on Saturday.

Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth and daughter, Rebecca, were arrivals home last Saturday night from Atlantic City.

Mrs. Seal returned yesterday to her home at Harrisburg, after visiting here with her mother, Mrs. A. Fauble.

During Sunday's heavy wind storm a side wall of the State-Centre Electric Co. plant at Milesburg was blown down.

J. Mitchell Cunningham recently purchased the Buick car owned by Dr. De Laun Stuart before he invested in an 8-cylinder.

W. H. Sholl and family and Mr. Clifflin, of Hornell, N. Y., motored to Bellefonte on Monday and visited at the home of W. S. Sholl.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Jodon and Mrs. Peter Smith and her daughter, Miss Lillie, visited Niagara Falls on the excursion last Friday.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated in St. John's Reformed church next Sunday at the 10.30 a. m. and the 7.30 p. m. services.

Miss Eleanor Harrar, who had been visiting here with her sister, Mrs. James C. Furst, returned on Monday to her home in Williamsport.

Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell was an arrival home on Monday afternoon from Indianapolis, Indiana, where she had been visiting for a time with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Plumb returned last Thursday to their home in Newton, Kansas, and were accompanied by Miss Alice Fox, who will visit for some time with them.

Calvin Smith, son of Register Frank Smith, departed last Friday for Crystal City, Missouri, where he will be employed in the offices of the Pittsburgh Plate-Glass Co.

The Christian Endeavor of the Lutheran church of Bellefonte will present "Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party" at the church Friday evening, Oct. 8th. Admission at the door 10 cents. Everybody is invited to come and see "Aunt Jerusha" conduct the quilting.

G. Oscar Gray departed on Wednesday afternoon for Pittsburgh where he joined a group of Aetna Insurance Co. agents on a trip to the Panama Exposition, the Sandiego Exposition and numerous side trips in the far west. The party are traveling in a special train as guests of the company.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rockey and family and several friends, from Rochester, N. Y., recently motored to Bellefonte to visit with Mr. Rockey's mother, Mrs. John Rockey, on Bishop Street. The trip here from Rochester was made in two days and was not marred by an accident of any kind.

Seven Bellefonte veterans of the Civil war departed on Monday for Washington, D. C., to attend the annual national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. They were Abraham V. Miller, Charles Glenn, Albert Roberts, W. Henry Taylor, David Miller, Samuel B. Miller and John Noll. Three veterans from Pine Grove Mills departed for the national capital on the same day. They were Captain W. H. Fry, Charles Martz and Jacob W. Sunday.

The opening game of the football season will be played on the home grounds Saturday with Bellefonte Academy and Bucknell Reserves lined up on opposing sides. The game will be called promptly at 3 o'clock on new Hughes Field. Admission, 25c. If you are interested in football don't neglect to attend this game. The Academy will have only three or four games on the home grounds this year. Saturday's game will afford the public an opportunity to observe the Academy team as it is being developed under Hartman's coaching. It will also throw a side-light on what the Academy eleven may be expected to do when on the following Saturday the local boys line up against the University of Pittsburgh freshmen, at Pittsburgh. The squad is practicing daily and is rapidly rounding into form. Remember the time and place for Saturday's game—3 o'clock, at Hughes Field.

Miss Hannah Beck is visiting with friends in Philipsburg and Altoona.

Fred Davis returned on Tuesday to his work in Altoona.

Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker has as a house guest Miss Marie Roder, of Baltimore.

George T. Bush accompanied Mr. Michaels on a motor trip to Altoona on Monday.

Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Spangler departed on Tuesday afternoon for Philadelphia.

Mrs. Harry Garber accompanied Mr. Garber to Altoona Wednesday to spend the week.

Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads is in York in attendance upon the State convention of the W. C. T. U.

On Tuesday evening, October 5th, Mrs. Oliphant will talk on anti-suffrage in the Court House.

Fresh Deviled Crabs and Home Fried Oysters delivered Red Hot. Phone your order. Bush House Grill.

Mrs. James Harris has as guests the Slaymakers, of Illinois. Mr. Slaymaker is a nephew of Mrs. Harris.

A banquet was given at the Brockerhoff House last Friday evening by eighteen students from Penn State College.

Mrs. Robert Mills Beach departed on Tuesday to visit a number of nearby towns in the in the interest of suffrage.

Mrs. Bixler, of Lock Haven, who has been here with her mother, Mrs. George L. Potter, returned to her home yesterday.

Dr. Eloise Meek and sister, Miss Meek, returned home yesterday, after spending the summer at their cottage at Hecla Park.

The out-of-town guests at the Gray-Lyon wedding yesterday included Miss Lyon and Miss Margery Lyon, of Pittsburgh.

Miss Kathryn Fenlon returned last Friday to her home in Philadelphia, after an extended visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon.

Orvis Keller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller, is expected home this week from the West. He is now in the East on business.

Mrs. William Wallis, who had been visiting here some time with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. William Conley, returned on Tuesday to her home in Crafton.

The Bellefonte Academy held a reception in Bush Arcade Hall last Friday evening. The ladies of the town assisted Professor and Mrs. James R. Hughes in receiving.

Miss Pearl Royer, one of Joseph L. Montgomery's assistant clerks at the Penna. Match Co., is enjoying a brief vacation at her parental home in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. Samuel Sheffer, who recently sold her home on East Curtin Street to George A. Beezer, will occupy the third floor of the Chambers property, on the same street.

The first meeting of the Civic Club was held Monday evening with Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell in the chair. The subject of "Tuberculosis" was discussed by Miss Overton.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings has as guests Mrs. Hickok, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Miss Guilford, of Bedford, who motored here several days ago in Mrs. Hickok's car.

Lee Walker arrived home on Wednesday to spend his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Miles Walker. He has been engaged as a civil engineer at Santa Domingo

Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker entertained with a luncheon of twelve covers in honor of Mrs. William Stoddart, of Wyncote, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry Keller.

Mrs. Frank McCoy and daughter, Miss Anna McCoy, with Mr. and Mrs. John McCoy and Miss Kate Shugert, returned recently from their motor trip through Ohio. While in Ohio they looked over a farm owned by Mrs. McCoy.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Thompson and son, Daniel, came down from Alto on Wednesday to eat goose at the Bush home on Spring Street, the occasion, "Micholmas Day", always being appropriately observed by Mrs. Bush.

Charles Reese and son John G., and daughter Nellie, of Snow Shoe, figured in an automobile accident here yesterday afternoon that might have resulted in serious injury to a number of persons. Their Ford touring car was badly damaged, but fortunately nobody was injured. The Reese car was moving up High Street, with John Reese at the wheel, when the line shaft broke. The car started to back rapidly down the hill. Mr. Reese and his daughter jumped out, while John remained at the wheel and with rare presence of mind managed to steer the car between other machines and buggies. He was endeavoring to guide the car to Spring Street and run it into that street and probably would have accomplished this had not another machine suddenly emerged from Spring into High Street. To avoid ramming into this car or risking a more dangerous collision, John bravely steered the Reese car into a telephone pole near the office of Dr. David Dale. The rear end of the Reese car was so badly damaged that it will be converted into a light delivery truck. Mr. Rees has purchased a new Buick car.

William Garman went to Milton yesterday to attend the fair.

F. W. Crider was an arrival home today from Atlantic City.

Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Ward and daughter spent Sunday in Huntingdon.

Miss Grace Cook was an arrival home from the seashore several days ago.

Miss Gertrude Lane, of WarriorsMark, is a house guest of Miss Rebie Noll.

Joseph Lose, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with relatives in Bellefonte.

Miss Veda Wetzel departed on Tuesday for Stoyestown to visit for a time with her parents.

We deliver Deviled Crabs and Fried Oysters to your home. Phone your order. Bush House Grill.

Mrs. Sara Brown was called to East Brady, Pittsburgh, last Friday by the illness of her grand-child.

Joseph Taylor returned last Friday to Philadelphia, where he is a student at the Jefferson Medical College.

The Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R., will be entertained by the State College members on Saturday, October 2d.

Harvey McClure, of Oil City, recently visited several days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James I. McClure.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford S. Thomas and son have been guests this week of Mrs. James B. Lane and Miss Mary Thomas

Miss Linnie Royer returned last Saturday to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Royer, at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mr. Kipe, who had been visiting here with his sister, Mrs. M. J. Locke, returned last Thursday to his home in Philadelphia.

The Gray-Lyon nuptials at high noon on Wednesday was an event of much interest to the many friends of the contracting parties. The bride was Miss Anne Lyon and the groom was Mr. Samuel Gray. The wedding was solemnized at the home of Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis, on East Linn Street, Rev. Mr. Charlton officiating. The bride, Miss Anne Lyon, was charmingly arrayed in white embroidered net, with a court train of Duchess satin, and wearing her mother's wedding veil and orange blossoms. She carried a boquet of roses. Only the immediate families and several girl friends of the bride were present. Following a wedding luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Gray motored to Lewistown where they boarded a train for a honeymoon tour to New York. They will reside at State College, where Mr. Gray is engaged in teaching.

PLAYER'S ARM BROKEN

Philipsburg Youth was Pitching Ball When Bones Snapped.

A peculiar accident is reported from Philipsburg. William Walton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Walton, of that place, and a student at State College, was playing baseball last Saturday in a game between two local teams. He was pitching for one of the teams and in the sixth inning, while delivering the ball to the batter his arm, by some strange twist, was suddenly broken below the shoulder.

The report caused by the snapping of the bones could be heard by persons some distance away. Young Walton collapsed from intense pain and was carried from the field in an unconscious condition. On being removed to the Philipsburg hospital an X-ray examination was made. This revealed a spiral break of the bones of a most serious character. His accident will delay his return to his studies.

Mrs. John P. Harris Honored.

At the meeting of the W. C. T. U. held on Thursday, September 3d, the office of President Emeritus was bestowed upon Mrs. John P. Harris, in grateful recognition of her long and faithful services in the cause of temperance. Mrs. Harris has been president of the Union for thirty-five years, and lately resigned from active work because of ill health. In the years of her active service she was always faithful in the work and as President Emeritus she will still aid the cause by her wise counsel and it is hoped will attend the meetings as often as her health will permit.

WELL-KNOWN EYE SPECIALISTS WILL BE HERE FRIDAY.

Rubin & Rubin, Harrisburg's Leading Eye Specialists will be at Krumrine's Drug Store, Bellefonte, on Friday, October 1st, for a stay of ten days. This firm come to Bellefonte three times a year and probably do a larger retail optical business than any other in the state of Pennsylvania. If you need glasses you now have a grand opportunity to come in and see them. Eyes examined free and glasses as low as $1.

For Sale Cheap.

1 large refrigerator.
1 cream separator.
1 ice box.
2 sticking machines.
1 shingle jointer.
2 shingle bolting machines.
1 drag saw machine.
1 35-horse power engine.
1 automatic box board machine.
Lot of used machinery, shafting and pulleys.
Store counters and tables.
Would take lumber in exchange Apply to

F. W. CRIDER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

SUFFRAGE MEETINGS

Miss Emma MacAlarney to Speak in County Week of October 3d.

Miss Emma MacAlarney will be in Centre County from October 3d to the 10th. She will spead in the public square on Woman Suffrage in the following places:

Zion, Monday, October 4th, 6.30 p. m.
Hublersburg, Monday, October 4th, 8 p. m.
Pleasant Gap, Tuesday, October 5th, 6.30 p. m.
State College Tuesday, October 5th, 8 p. m.
Axe Mann, Wednesday, October 6th, 6.30 p. m.
Centre Hall, Wednesday, October 6th, 8 p. m.
Clarence Thursday, October 7th, 6.30 p. m.
Snow Shoe, Thursday, October 7th, 7.30 p. m.
Moshannon, Thursday, October 7th, 8.30 p. m.
8 p. m.
Milesburg, Friday, October 8th, 6.30 p. m.
Unionville, Friday, October 8th, 8 p. m.
Curtin, Saturday, October 9th, 6.30 p. m.
Howard, Saturday, October 9th, 8 p. m.

It is planned to convey Miss Mac Alarney to these meetings in the Emerick yellow automobile, each one paying $1 for the ride. Any one wishing to engage a place on these tours will please write or telephone to Miss Mary Miles Blanchard Bellefonte.

Suicide on Second Attempt.

Andrew Felix McClintoc, 58 years old, died Sunday night at Milroy from a gunshot wound self inflicted. Temporary insanity induced by worry over poor health is said to have been the cause. McClintoc was a cattle buyer for the eastern markets. Sunday while his wife attended church he lay on the bed, placed the muzzle of a 44 caliber rifle under his chin, pulling the trigger with his great toe. The bullet went wide and he then took a stick from the window blind, notched the end and sent a bullet crashing through his head. He died at midnight.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri.
State College, Tues. Thurs. & Sat.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

John V. Bower, et ux, to Isaac Bower, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; $1.

Gamma Phi Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, to Faith Reformed Church, tract in State College Boro; $11,000.

Wm. Ashbridge Thomas to Ruth Thomas, tract in Potter Twp.; $1,000.

Alverda M. Clark, et al, to Earl O. Tibbens, tract in Spring Twp.; $1,900.

"Young People and Their Habits."

Rev. W. M. B. Glanding in St. John's Lutheran church will deliver seven special sermons to young people on successive Sunday evenings. The first will be given on next Sunday at 7.30 P. M. with the topic, "Young People and Their Habits." The subject of the Sunday morning sermon will be "Playing Fair in the Game of Life." The thought was suggested by an incident in the Princeton-Yale game. All, both young and old, are invited to these services.

He Left Us Well Provided For

ALL the long weeks he suffered after the accident his hospital expenses were paid and I got $50 a week, every four weeks, in addition because he had that ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY.

He'd had this policy a number of years. It cost so little we never missed the amount. When he left us, it was costing no more than when he first took it out, and all those years the insurance was increasing rapidly.

Baby and I have several thousand dollars now because of my husband's forethought. I shudder to think of what a frightful struggle life would be had he put it off until too late. The world looks none too kindly upon widowhood.

ÆTNA-IZE

—TODAY, while you're whole and strong. *Your wife, your children, those depending on you,* should be provided for. Call, phone, or write.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND

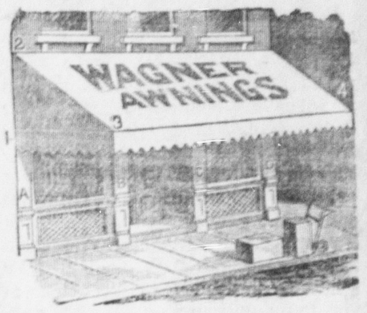
Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

G. S. CLEMENTS
Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street
Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.



W. L. Steele, Jr.
Bellefonte Pa.
COMMERCIAL PHONE

UPHOLSTERING
OR IF YOU HAVE
SLIP COVERS
TO MAKE

If you want it done right
Chamberlain Can do it.
If Chamberlain does it it will be done right.

F. W. Chamberlain
MILESBURG PA
Bell Phone, 86-J.

THERE IS A REASON

There is a man, generally a young man, in every business organization to whom everybody points and says: "He is sure to succeed--he is destined some day to be at the head of a big business." Study him closely and you have the answer.

He is always on time--can always answer questions about the business--above all else he is scrupulously neat in his personal appearance, and dressed just a bit differently from others.

His ability is reflected in his dress. He isn't a Fashion Plate and yet the others wish they might appear as fashionably attired.

It is for this type of man that Adler-Rochester Clothes are made--and it is this type of man who goes out of his way to find the Adler-Rochester dealer in his locality.

A booklet showing some of the Adler-Rochester suits and overcoats for this autumn will be sent without charge upon request.

Have you seen our advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post? If you haven't, read it now, then come in and see these famous Adler-Rochester clothes.

Montgomery & Co.